



A
MAD WORLD,
MY
MASTERS.

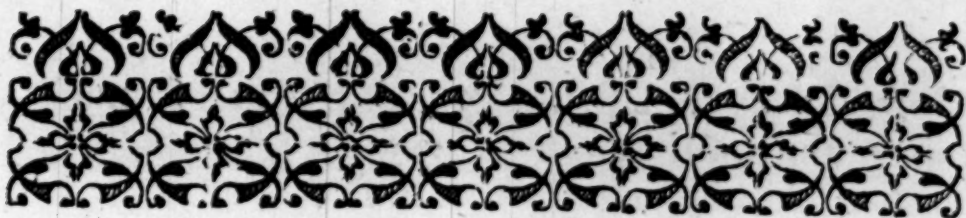
*As it hath bin lately in Action by the
Children of Paules.*

Composed by T. M.



LONDON,

Printed by H. B. for WALTER BURR, and are to
be sold in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of
the Crane. 1608.



A mad VVorld, my Masters.

Enter Dick Folly-wit, and his consorts, Lieftenant Maweworme, Antient Hoboy, and others his Comrades.

Lieft.

Anti.



Captaine, Regent, Principall,

What shall I call thee?

The Noble sparke of bounty;

The life-bloud of Society.

Folly-w.

Call mee your Forecast, you whoresons, when you come drunk out of a Tauerne, 'tis I must cast your plots into forme stil; tis I must manage the Pranck, or Ile not giue a louse for the proceeding: I must let flie my ciuil fortunes, turne wilde-braine, lay my wits vpo'th Tenters, you raskals, to maintaine a company of villaines, whom I loue in my very soule and conscience.

Lieft. A ha, our little forecast.

Folly-w. Hang you, you haue bewicht me among you, I was as well giuen till I fell to be wicked, my Grandfire had hope of me, I went all in blacke, swore but a Sundaies, neuer came home drunke, but vpon fasting nights to clense my stomacke; s' id now I'm quite altered, blowne into light colours, let out othes by'th minute, sit vp late till it bee early, drinke drunke till I am sober, sincke downe dead in a Tauerne, and rise in a Tabacco-shop: her's a transformation: I was wont yet to pitie the simple, and leaue e'm some money: s' id, now I gull e'm without conscience; I goe without order, swear without number, gull without mercie, & drinke without measure.

A mad World,

Lieft. I deny the last, for if you drinke nere so much, you drinke within measure.

Folly w. How proue you that sir?

Lieft. Because the drawers neuer fill their pots.

Folly w. Masse that was well found out. all drunkerds may lawfully say, they drinke within measure by that tricke, dna now I me put i'th mind of a tricke. can you keepe your countenance villaines? yet I am a foole to aske that, for how can they keepe their countenance that haue lost their credits?

Anti. I warrant you for blushing Captaine.

Folly w. I easily belecue that *Antient*, for thou lost thy colours once; Nay faith as for blushing, I thinke ther's grace little enough amongst you all, tis lent in your cheekes, the flag's downe; wel, your blushing-face I suspect not, nor indeed greatly your laughing-face, vnlesse you had more money in your purses: then thus compendiously now, you all know the possibilities of my hereafter fortunes, and the humor of my frolike Grandfire Sir *Bounteous Progresse*; whose death makes all possible to me: I shall haue all, when he ha's nothing; but now he ha's all, I shall haue nothing: I thinke one minde runnes through a million of e'm; they loue to keepe vs sober all the while the're aliue, that when the're dead we may drinke to their healths; they cannot abide to see vs merry all the while the're aboue ground; and that makes so many laugh at their fathers funerals: I know my Grandfire has his Will in a Boxe, and has bequeath'd all to me, when he can carry nothing away; but stood I in neede of poore tenne pounds now, by his will I should hang my selte e're I should get it, ther's no such word in his Will I warrant you, nor no such thought in his mind.

Lieft. You may build vpon that Captaine.

Folly w. Then since hee ha's no will to doe me good as long as he liues; by mine owne will, Ile doe my selte good before he dies, and now I arriue at the purpose. You are not ignorant I me sure, you true and necessary implements of mischief; first, that my Grandfier Sir *Bounteous Progresse* is a Knight of thousands, and therefore no Knight since one thousand

my Masters.

thousand sixe hundred : next, that he keepes a house like his name *Bounteous*, open for all commers : thirdly and lastly, that hee stands much vpon the glory of his complement, variety of entertainment, together with the largenes of his Kitchen, longitude of his Buttery, and fecunditie of his Larder, and thinkes himselfe neuer happier then when some stiffe L. or great Countesse alights, to make light his dishes : these being well mixt together, may give my proiect better encouragement, and make my purpose spring forth more fortunate : to be short, and cut off a great deale of durty way; Ile downe to my Grandfire like a L.

Lieft. How Captaine?

Folly-w. A French ruffe, a thinne beard, and a strong perfume will doo't : I can hire blew coats for you all by Westminster clocke, and that colour will be soonest beleeued.

Lieft. But prethee Captaine?

Folly. Push, I reach past your fadomes; you desire crowns.

Lieft. From the crowne of our head, to the sole of our foot Bully.

Folly-w. Why carry your selues but probably, and carry away enough with your selues.

Enter M. Penitent Brothel.

Ant. Why there spoke a Romane Captaine, *M. Penitent Brothel.*

M. Pen. Sweete *M. Folly-wit.*

Exit.

Heer's a mad-braine a'th first, whose pranks scorn to haue presidents; to be second to any; or walke beneath any : mad-caps inuentions, has plaid more trickes then the cardes can allow a man, and of the last stampe too, hating imitation, a fellow, whose onely glory is to be prime of the company; to be sure of which, he maintaines all the rest : hee's the Karion, and they the Kytes that gorge vpon him.

But why in others doe I checke wilde passions,

And retaine deadly follies in my selfe?

I taxe his youth of common receiu'd riot,

Times Comicke flashes, and the fruits of blood;

A mad World,

And in my selfe sooth vp adulterous motions,
And such an appetite that I know dams me,
Yet willingly embrace it, loue to *Harebraines* wife,
Ouer whose howers and pleasures her sicke husband
With a fantaſticke but deserud suspect,
Bestowes his serious time in watch and ward ;
And therefore I'me constrained to vse the meanes
Of one that knowes no meane, a Curtizan,
One poyson for another, whom her husband
Without suspition innocently admits
Into her company, who with tried art
Corrupts and loosens her most constant powers,
Making his ielousy more then halfe a wittoll,
Before his face plotting his owne abuse,
To which himselfe giues ayme.

Enter Curtizan.

Whilst the broad arrowe with the forked head
Misses his browe but narrowly ; see here she comes,
The close Curtizan, whose mother is her bawde.

Curtiz. Master Penitent Brothell.

M. Pen. My litle prety Lady gull-man, the newes , the comfort ?

Curtiz. Y'are the fortunate man sir, Knight a'th holland skirt: there wants but opportunitie and shee's waxe of your owne fashioning, she had wrought her selfe into the forme of your loue before my art set finger to her.

M. Pen. Did our affections meete ? our thoughts keepe time ?

Curtiz. So it should seeme by the musicke, the onely iarre is in the grumbling base violl her husband.

M. Pen. Oh his waking suspition !

Curtiz. Sigh not *M. Penitent*, trust the managing of the bu-
sines with me, tis for my credite now to see't well finish't: if I
do you no good sir, you shall giue me no money sir.

M. Pen. I am arriu'd at the Court of conscience; A Curti-
zan ! O admirable times ! honestie is remoued to the Com-
mon place. Farewell Lady.

Exit. Penitent.

Enter mother.

Moth.

✓
my Masters.

Moth. How now daughter?

Curtiz. What newes mother?

Moth. A token from thy keeper.

Curtiz. Oh from sir *Bounteous Progresse* : hee's my keeper in deed, but ther's many a peece of venison stolne that my keeper wots not on; theres no parke kept so warily, but looses flesh one time or other; and no woman kept so priuately, but may watch aduantage to make the best of her pleasure; and in common reason one keeper cannot be enough for so proud a parke as a woman.

Moth. Hold thee there girle.

Curt. Feare not me mother.

Moth. Euery part of the world shootes vp daily into more subtilty : the very spider weaues her caules with more art and cunning, to entrap the flie.

The shallow ploughman can distinguish now,

Twixt simple truth and a dissembling browe.

Your base mechanick fellow can spy out

A weakenes in a L. and learnes to floute.

How do'st behooue vs then that liue by sleight,

To haue our wits wound vp to their stretcht height?

Fifteene times thou knowst I haue sold thy maydenhead,

To make vp a dowry for thy mariage, and yet

Theres maydenhead enough for olde sir *Bounteous* stil,

Heele be all his life time about it yet, and bee as far to seeke when he has done.

The summes that I haue told vpon thy pillow!

I shall once see those golden daies agen :

Tho fifteene, all thy mayden heads are not gone :

The Italian is not scrude yet, nor the French :

The British men come for a dozen at once,

They ingrosse all the market, Tut my girle,

Tis nothing but a politicke conueyance;

A sincere carriage, a religious eyebrowe

That throwes their charmes over the worldings senses;

And when thou spiest a foole that truely pities

The false springs of thine eyes,

And

A mad World,

And honorably doates vpon thy loue,
If he be rich, set him by for a husband ;
Be wisely tempered and learne this my wench
Who gets th'opinion for a vertuous name
May sin at pleasure, and nere thinke of shame :

Curtiz. Mother I am too deepe a Scholler growne
To learne my first rules now.

Moth. T'will be thy owne, I say no more ; peace, harke
remoue thy selfe, oh, the two elder Brothers.

Enter Inesse, and Possibilitie.

Possibi. A faire hower sweete Lady.

Moth. Goodmorrow gentlemen, Master Inesse, and M.
Possibilitie.

Esse Wher's the litle sweete Lady your daughter ?

Moth. Euen at her booke sir.

Poss. So religious ?

Moth. Tis no new motion sir, sh'as tooke it from an in-
fant.

Poss. May we deserue a sight of her, Lady ?

Moth. Vpon that condition you will promise me gentle-
men, to auoid all prophane talke, wanton complements, vn-
decent phrazes, and lasciuious courtings, (which I knowe
my daughter will sooner die then endure,) I am contented
your suits shalbe granted.

Poss. Not a bawdy sillable I protest.

Inesse. Sillable was plac't there, for indeed your one silla-
bles are your bawdiest words, pricke that downe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mast. Harebraine.

Hareb. She may make nightwork ont, twas wel recouered,
Hee Cats and Curtizans strowle most i'th night,
Her friend may be receiude and conuayde forth, nightly,
He be at charge for watch and ward, for watch & ward yfaith,
and here they come.

Enter two or three.

First, Giue your worship good euen.

Hareb.

my Masters.

Hareb. Welcome my friends, I must deserue your diligence in an imployment serious : the troth is, there is a cunning plot laid, but happily discovered, to robbe my house : the night vncertaine when, but fixt within the circle of this month : nor do's this villany consist in numbers :

Or many partners, onely some one
Shall in the forme of my familiar friend,
Be receiue priuately into my house,
By some perfidious seruant of mine owne,
Addrest fit for the practise.

First. O abominable !

Hareb. If you be faithfull watchmen, shew your goodnes,
And with these Angels shoare vp your eye-lids :
Let me not be purloind, purloind indeed ; the merry Greekes
conceiue me : there is a Iem I would not loose, Kept by the
Italian vnder locke and key : we Englishmen are carelesse
creatures : well, I haue said enough.

Second. And we wil do enough sir. *Exeunt.*

Hareb. Why wel said, watch me a good turne now, so, so, so,
Rise villany with the Larke, why tis preuented,
Or steal't by with the leather winged Bat :
The euening cannot saue it, peace ; Oh Lady *Gulman*, my
wifes onely company ! welcome ; and how do's the vertuous
Matron, that good old Gentlewoman thy mother ? I per-
swade my selfe, if modesty be in the world she has part on't : a
woman of an excellent carriage all her life time, in Court, Ci-
tie, and Countrey.

Curtiz. Sha's alwaies carried it well in those places sir ;
witnesse three bastards a piece : how do's your sweete bed-
fellow sir ? you see I'me her boldest visitant.

Hareb. And welcome sweete Virgin, the onely compani-
on, my soule wishes for her ; I left her within at her Lute, pre-
thee giue her good counsell.

Curtiz. Alas, she needes none sir.

Hareb. Yet, yet, yet, a little of thy instructions will not
come amisse to her.

Curtiz. Ile bestow my labour sir.

B

Hareb.

A mad World,

Hareb. Doe, labour her prethee; I haue conuay'd away all her wanton Pamphlets, as Hero and Leander, Venus and Adonis, oh two lushious mary-bone pies for a yong married wife, here, here, prethie take the resolution, and reade to her a little.

Curt. Sha's set vp her resolution alreadie fir.

Hareb. True, true, and this will confirme it the more, ther's a chapter of Hell, tis good to reade this cold weather, terrifie her, terrifie her; goe, reade to her the horrible punishments for itching wantonnes, the paines allotted for adulterie; tell her her thoughts, her very dreames are answerable, say so; rip vp the life of a Curtiza, & shew how loathsom tis.

Curt. The gentleman would perswade mee in time to disgrace my selfe, and speake ill of mine owne function. *Exit.*

Hareb. This is the course I take, Ile teach the married man A new selected straine, I admit none But this pure virgin to her company, Puh, that's enough; Ile keepe her to her stint, Ile put her to her pension, She gets but her allowance, thats bare-one, Few women but haue that beside their owne, Ha, ha, ha, nay Ile put her hard toote. *Enter wife & Curt.*

Wife Faine would I meete the gentleman.

Curt. Puh, faine would you meete him, why, you doe not take the course.

Hareb. How earnestly shee labours her, like a good hol-some sister of the familie, she wil preuaile I hope.

Curt. Is that the meanes?

Wife What is the meanes? I would as gladly to inioy his sight, imbrace it as the---

Curt. Shall I haue hearing? listen?

Hareb. She's round with her yfaith.

Curt. When husbands in their ranck'st suspicions dwell, Then tis our best Art to dissemble well, Put but these notes in vse, that Ile direct you, Hele curse himselfe that ere he did suspect you, Perhaps he will sollicite you, as in triall To visit such and such, still giue deniall,

Let

my Masters.

Let no perswasions sway you, they are but fetches
Set to betray you, Ielousies, slights and reaches,
Seeme in his sight to indure the sight of no man,
Put by all kisses, till you kisse in common,
Neglect all entertaine, if he bring in
Strangers, keepe you your chamber, be not scene;
If he chance steale vpon you, let him find,
Some booke lie open gainst an vnchast mind,
And coted Scriptures, tho for your owne pleasure,
You reade some stirring pamphlet, and conuay it
Vnder your Skirt, the fittest place to lay it,
This is the course my wench to inioy thy wishes,
Here you performe best, when you most neglect,
The way to daunt, is to outuie suspect,
Manage these principles but with Art and life,
Welcome all Nations, thou'rt an honest wife.

Hareb. She puts it home yfaith, eu'n to the quicke
From her Elaborate action I reach that,
I must requite this maide, faith Im'e forgetfull.

Wife Here Lady, conuay my hart vnto him in this Iewel,
Against you see me next you shall perceiue
I haue profited, in the meane season tel him
I am a prisoner yet, a'th masters side,
My husbands ielousie, that masters him, as he doth master me,
And as a keeper that locks prisoners vp,
Is himselfe prison'd vnder his owne key,
Euen so my husband in restraining me,
with the same ward bars his owne libertie.

Curt. Ile tell him how you wish it, and Ile weare
My wits to the third pile, but all shall cleere.

Wife I owe you more then thanks, but that I hope
My husband will requite you.

Curt. Thinke you so Lady? he ha's small reason for't.

Hareb. What done so soone? away, too't againe, too't a-
gain, good wench too't again, leaue her not so, where left you.

Curt. Faith I am wearie fir. (come.
I cannot draw her from her strickt opinion.

A mad World,

With all the arguments that sense can frame.

Hareb. No; let me come, Fie wife, you must consent, what opinion i' st, let's heare?

Curtiz. Fondly and wilfully she retaines that thought,
That euery sinne is dambd.

Hareb. Oh fie, fie, wife! Pea, pea, pea, pea, how haue you lost your time? for shame be conuerted: theres a diabolocall opinion indeed; then you may think that vsury were dambd: you're a fine merchant yfaith; or briberie? you know the law well; or sloth? would some of the Clergy heard you yfaith; or pride? you come at Court; or gluttony? you're not wor-thie to dine at an Aldermans table:

Your onely deadly sin's Adultery,
That villanous ring-worme, womans worst requitall,
Tis onely lechery thats dambd to'th pit-hole;
Ah, that's an arch-offence, belecue it squall,
All sinnes are veniall but veneriall.

Curtiz. I'ue said enough to her.

Hareb. And she will be rulde by you.

Curtiz. Fah.

Hareb. Ile pawne my credit ont; come hither Lady,
I will not altogether rest ingratefull,
Here, weare this Rubie for thy paines and counsell.

Curtiz. It is not so much worth sir, I am a very ill counsellor truely.

Hareb. Goo too I say.

Curtiz. Y'are too blame yfaith sir, I shall nere deserue it.

Hareb. Thou hast don't already: farewell sweet Virgin,
prethee let's see thee oftner.

Curtiz. Such gifts will soone intreat me.

Exit.

Hareb. Wite, as thou lou'st the quiet of my breast,
Embrace her counsell, yeeld to her aduices;
Thou wilt find comfort in e'm in the end;
Thou'lt feele an alteration, prethee thinke on't:
Mine eyes can scarce refraine.

Wife. Keepe in your dewe sir, least when you would, you want it.

Hareb.

my Masters.

Hareb. I'ue pawnde my credite on't, ah didst thou know,
The sweete fruit once, thoud'st neuer let it goe.

Wife. Tis that I strue to get.

Hareb. And still do so.

Exeunt.

Finit Aetus Primus.

Incipit Aetus Secundus.

Enter Sir Bounteous with two Knights.

First, **Y**ou haue bin too much like your name Sir Bounteous.

Sir Boun. Oh not so, good Knights, not so, you know my humour; most welcome good Sir *Andro Pelcut*, Sir *Aquitaine Colewort*, most welcome.

Both. Thankes good Sir Bounteous. *Exeunt at one doore.*

At the other, enter in hast a footman.

Foot. Oh, crie your worship heartily mercy Sir.

Sir Boun. How now linnen stockins, and threescore mile a day; whose footman art thou?

Foot. Pray can your worship tell me, Hoh, hoh, hoh, if my L. become in yet.

Sir Boun. Thy L! what L?

Foot. My L. *Owe-much* sir.

Sir Boun. My L. *Owe-much*! I haue heard much speech of that L. h'as great acquaintance i'th Citie; that L. has bin much followed.

Foot. And is still sir; he wants no company when hee's in London: hee's free of the Mercers, and theres none of e'm all dare crosse him.

Sir Boun. And they did, hee'd turne ouer a new leafe with e'm; he would make e'm all weary on't i'th end: much fine rumor haue I heard of that L. yet had I neuer the fortune to set eye vpon him; art sure he will alight here Footman? I am afraid thou'rt mistooke.

Foot. Thinkes your worship so sir? by your leaue sir.

Sir Boun. Puh; passion of me, Footman, why Pumps I
B 3 say,

A mad World,

say come backe.

Foot. Do's your worship call?

Sir Boun. Come hither I say, I am but afraid on't, would it might happen so well, how do'st know? did hee name the house with the great turreta'th top?

Foot. No faith did he not sir.

Sir Boun. Come hither I say, did hee speake of a cloth a gold chamber?

Foot. Not one word by my troth sir.

Sir Boun. Come againe you lowzie seven mile an houre.

Foot. I beseech your worship detain me not.

Sir Boun. Was there no talke of a faire paire of Orgaines, a great guilt candlesticke, and a paire of siluer snuffers?

Foot. T'were sinne to belie my Lord, I heard no such words sir.

Sir Boun. A pox confine thee, come againe, puh,

Foot. Your worship wil vndoe me sir.

Sir Boun. Was there no speech of a long dining roome, a huge kitchin, large meate, and a broad dresser board?

Foot. I haue a greater maw to that indeed, an't please your worship.

Sir Boun. Whome did he name?

Foot. Why one Sir Bounteous Progressse.

Sir Boun. Ah, a, a, I am that Sir Bounteous you progresse round-about Rascall.

Foot. Laughs, puh---

Sir Boun. I knew I should haue him i'th end, ther's not a Lord wil mis mee I thanke their good honours, tis a fortune laide vpon me, they can sent out their best entertainment, I haue a kind of complementall gift giuen mee aboue ordinary country Knights, and how soone, tis smelt out I warrant yee, ther's not one Knight i'th Sheere able to entertaine a Lord i'th kue, or a Lady i'th nick like me, like me, ther's a kinde of grace belongs too't, a kind of Art which naturally slips from me, I know-not on't I promise you, tis gon before Im'e aware on't, cuds mee I forget my selfe, where---

First. Do's your worship call?

Sir Boun.

my Masters.

Sir Boun. Run firrah, cal in my chief gentleman i'th chaine of gold, expedite; and how do's my good Lord? I neuer saw him before in my life, a cup of bastard for this footman.

Foot. My Lörd has trauaild this fve yeare fir.

Sir Boun. Trauaild this fve yeare? how many children has he? some bastard I say.

Foot. No bastard an't please your worship.

Sir Boun. A cup of Sack to strengthen his wit, the footmans a foole; oh, come hither master *Gunwater*, come hither, send presently to master *Pheasant* for one of his hens, ther's Partridge i'th house.

Gun. And Wild-duck an't please your worship.

Sir Boun. And Woodcock an't please thy worship.

Gun. And Woodcock an't please your worship, I had thought to haue spoke before you.

Sir Boun. Remember the Pheasant, downe with some Plover, clap downe sixe Woodcocks, my loue's coming; now fir.

Gun. Ant please your worship ther's a Lord and his followers newly alighted.

Sir Boun. Dispath I say, dispatch, why wher's my musick? hee's come indeed.

Enter Folly-wit like a Lord with his Comrades in blew coates.

Folly. Footman.

Foot. My Lord.

Folly. Run swiftly with my cōmendations to *S. Iasper Topas* Wee'leride and visit him i'th morning say.

Foot. Your Lordships charge shal be effected. *Exit.*

Folly. That Courtly comly forme, should present to me
Sir Bounteous Progresse. (selfe,

Sir Boun. Y'ae found me out my Lord, I cannot hide my
Your honour in most spatioufly welcome. (houses,

Folly. In this forgiuemee Sir, that being a stranger to your
And you, I make my way so bold, and presume
Rather vpon your kindnes then your knowledge,
Onely your bounteous disposition.

Fame

*A mad World,*¹

Fame hath diuulgd, and is to me well knowne.

Sir Boun. Nay, and your Lordship know my disposition; you know me better then they that know my person; your honor is so much the welcomer for that.

Folly-w. Thankes good sir *Bounteous*.

Sir Boun. Pray pardon me, it has been often my ambition my L. both in respect of your honourable presence, and the prodigall fame that keepes euen stroke with your vnbounded worthines;

To haue wisht your Lordship, where your Lordship is
A noble guest in this vnworthy seate :

Your Lordship nere heard my Organs.

Folly-w. Heard of e'm sir *Bounteous*, but neuer heard e'm.

Sir Boun. The're but double guilt my L. some hundred and fifty pound will fit your Lordshippe with such another paire.

Folly-w. Indeed sir *Bounteous*?

Sir Boun. O my L. I haue a present sute to you.

Folly-w. To me sir *Bounteous*, and you could nere speake at fitter time? for I'me here present to grant you.

Sir Boun. Your Lordship has been a traueller.

Folly-w. Some five yeare sir.

Sir Boun. I haue a Grandchild my L. I loue him; and when I die Ile doe somewhat for him: Ile tel your honor the worst of him, a wilde lad he has beene.

Folly-w. So we haue beene all sir.

Sir Boun. So we haue been all indeed my L. I thanke your Lorsthips assistance; some comick prancks he has bin guilty of; but Ile pawne my credit for him, an honest trusty bo-some.

Folly-w. And thats worth all sir.

Sir Boun. And thats worth all indeed my L. for hees like to haue all when I die; *imberbis Iuuenis*, his chin has no more prickles yet then a midwiues: theres great hope of his wit his haire's so long a comming; shall I be bold with your honor, to prefer this aforesaid Ganimed to hold a plate vnder your Lordships cup?

Folly-w.

my Masters.

Folly-w. You wring both his worth, and your bountie, and you cal that boldnes; Sir I haue heard much good of that yong Gentleman.

Sir Boun. Nay h'as a good wit yfaith my L.

Folly-w. H'as caried himselfe alwaies generously.

Sir Boun. Are you aduisde of that my L. ? h'as caried many things cleanelly : Ile shew your Lordship my Will, I keep it aboue in an Out landish boxe ; the whoreson boy must haue all : I loue him, yet he shall nere find it as long as I liue.

Folly-w. Well sir, for your sake, and his own deseruing, Ile reserue a place for him neere to my secrets.

Sir Boun. I vnderstand your good Lordship, you'le make him your Secretary : my musicke, giue my L. a taste of his welcome.

A straine plaid by the Consort, Sir Bounteous makes a Courtly honour to that L. and seemes to foot the tune.

Sir Boun. So, how like you our Ayres my Lord ? are they choice ?

Folly-w. The're seldome match't beleeue it.

Sir Boun. The Consort of mine owne household.

Folly-w. Yee sir.

Sir Boun. The Musitians are in Ordinary, yet no ordinary Musitians : your Lordship shall heare my Organs now.

Folly-w. Oh I beseech you sir *Bounteous*.

Sir Boun. My Organist.

The Organs play, and couerd dishes march ouer the Stage.

Come my L. how do's your honour rellish my Organ ?

Folly-w. A very proud Ayre yfaith sir.

Sir Boun. Oh, how can't chuse, a Walloon plaies vpon e'm, and a Welchman blowes wind in their breech. *Exeunt.*

A song to the Organs.

Enter sir Bounteous with Folly-wit, and his consorts toward his lodging.

Sir Boun. You must pardon vs my L. hasty cates, your honor
C has

A mad World,

has had eu'n a hunting meale on't; and now I am like to bring your Lordship to as meane a lodging, a hard Downe bed yfaith my L. poore Cambricke sheetes, and a cloth a Tissue Canopy, the Curtaines indeed were wrought in Venice, with the story of the Prodigall child in silke and golde, onely the Swine are left out my L. for spoyling the curtaines.

Fol. T'was well preuented sir.

Sir Boun. Silkin rest, harmonious slumbers, and veneriall dreames to your Lordship.

Fol. The like to kind *Sir Bounteous*.

Sir Boun. Fie, not to me my L. I'me old, past dreaming of such vanities.

Folly. Old men should dreame best.

Sir Boun. Their dreames indeed my L. y'au'e gi'nt vs: to morrow your Lordship shal see my Cockes, my Fish-ponds, my Parke, my Champion grounds; I keepe Champers in my house can shew your Lordship some pleasure.

Fol. *Sir Bounteous* you eu'n whelme me with delights.

Sir Boun. Once agen a musicall night to your honor; Ile trouble your Lordship no more. *Exit.*

Fol. Good rest *sir Bounteous*; so, come, the vizards, where be the masking suits?

Leift. In your Lordships Portmantua.

Fol. Peace Leiftenant.

Leift. I had rather haue war, Captaine.

Fol. Puh, the plot's ripe; come, to our busines lad, Tho guilt condemnes, tis guilt must make vs glad.

Leift. Nay, and you be at your distinctions Captaine, Ile follow behind no longer.

Fol. Get you before then, and whelme your nose with your vizard, goe.

Now Grandfire, you that hold me at hard meat,
And keepe me out at the Dags end, Ile fit you;
Vnder his Lordships leaue, all must be mine
He and his Will contesses, what I take then
Is but a borrowing of so much before hand;
Ile pay him agen when he dies, in so many blacks,

my Masters.

Ile haue the Church hung round with a noble a yard,
Or requite him in Scutchions, let him trap me
In gold, and Ile lap him in lead; *quid pro quo*: I
Must looke none of his Angels in the face forsooth,
Vntill his face be not worth looking on; Tut lads,
Let Sires and Grandfires keepe vs low, we must
Liue when the're flesh, as well as when the're dust. *Exit.*

Enter Curtizan with her man.

Curt. Go, firrah, run presently to M. *Penitent Brothel*; you
know his lodging, knocke him vp, I know he cannot sleepe
for sighing; tell him I'ue happily bethought a meane,
To make his purpose prosper in each limbe,
Which onely rests to be approu'd by him:
Make hast, I know he thirsts for't. *Exeant.*

Within. Oh.

*Enter in a masking sute with a vizard in his hand,
Folly-wit.*

Fol. Harke, the're at their busines.

First. Theeues, theeues.

Fol. Gag that gaping raskall, tho he be my Grandfires
chiefe Gentleman i'th chaine of gold, Ile haue no pitie of
him; how now lads?

Enter the rest Vizarded.

Leift. Al's sure and safe, on with your vizard sir; the ser-
uants are all bound.

Fol. There's one care past then, come follow me lads, Ile
lead you now to'th point, and top of all your fortunes; yo'n
lodging is my Grandfires.

Leift. So, so, lead on, on.

Ant. Her's a Captaine worth the following, and a wit
worth a mans loue and admiring!

Enter with Sir Bounteous in his night-gowne.

Sir Boun. Oh gentlemen, and you be kind gentlemen, what
countrimen are you?

A mad World,

Folly w. Linconsheere men Sir.

Sir Boun. I am glad of that yfaith.

Folly-w. And why should you be glad of that?

Sir Boun. Oh, the honestest theeues of all come out of Linconsheere; the kindest naturde Gentlemen; the'le rob a man with conscience: they haue a feeling of what they go about, and will steale with teares in their eies: ah pitifull gentlemen.

Folly-w. Push, Money, money, we come for money.

Sir Boun. Is that all you come for? Ah what a beast was I to put out my money tother day: alas good gentlemen, what shift shall I make for you? pray come agen another time.

Folly-w. Tut, tut sir, money.

Sir Boun. Oh not so loud sir, you're too shrill a Gentleman; I haue a L. lies in my house, I would not for the world his honour should be disquieted.

Folly-w. Who my L. Owemuch? we haue tooke order with him before hand, he lies bound in his bed and al his followers.

Sir Boun. Who my L? bound my L? Alas what did you meane to bind my L? he could keepe his bed well enough without binding: y'auc vndon me i'nt already, you need rob me no farder.

Folly-w. Which is the Key, come?

Sir Boun. Ah I perceiue now, y'are no true Linconsheere spirits; you come rather out of Bedforesheere, we cannot lie quiet in our beds for you: so, take enough my Masters; spur a free horse, my name's sir *Bounteous*, a merry world yfaith; what Knight but I keepe open house at midnight? well, there should be a conscience, if one could hit vpon't.

Folly-w. Away now, ceaze vpon him, binde him.

Sir Boun. Is this your Court of equity? why should I be bound for mine owne money? but come, come, bind me, I haue neede on't; I haue beene too liberall to night, keepe in my hands: nay, as hard as you list; I am too good to beare my L. company, you haue watcht your time my Masters; I was Knighted at Westminster, but many of these nights will make me a Knight of Windsor; y'auc deserude so well my Masters;

my Masters.

Masters; I bid you all to dinner to morrow, I would I might haue your companies yfaith, I desire no more.

Folly-w. Oh ho sir!

Sir Boun. Pray meddle not with my Organs, to put e'm out of tune.

Folly-w. Oh no, heeres better musicke sir.

Sir Boun. Ah pox feast you.

Exit.

Folly-w. Dispatch with him, away; so, thanke you good Grandfire; this was bounteously done of him yfaith; it came somewhat hard from him at first; for indeed nothing comes stiffe from an old man but money: and he may well stand vpon that, when he has nothing else to stand vpon: where's our Port-mantua?

Leift. Here Bully-Captaine.

Folly-w. In with the purchase, t'will lie safe enough there vnder's nose I warrant you: what, is all sure? *Enter Antient.*

Ant. All's sure Captaine.

Folly-w. You know what followes now, one villane binds his fellowes; go, we must be all bound for our owne securities raskals, there's no dallying' vppo'th point; you conceit me: there is a L. to be found bound in the morning, and al his followers, can you picke out that L. now?

Leift. O admirable spirit!

Folly-w. You nere plot for your safeties, so your wants be fatisfied.

Anti. But if we binde one another, how shall the last man be bound?

Folly-w. Pox on't, Ile haue the footman scape.

Foot. Thats I, I thanke you sir.

Folly-w. The Footman of all other will be supposde to scape, for he comes in no bed all night; but lies in's clothes, to be first ready i'th morning: the horse and he lies in litter together; that's the right fashion of your bonny Footman: and his freedome will make the better for our purpose; for we must haue one i'th morning to vnbinde the Knight, that we may haue our sport within our selues: we now arriue at the most ticklish point, to rob, and take our ease, to be theeues and

A mad World,

lie by't, look to't lads, it concernes euery mans gullet; Ile not haue the jest spoilde, that's certaine, tho it hazard a winde-pipe: Ile either go like a L. as I came, or be hangd like a theefe as I am; and that's my resolution.

Leift. Troth a match Captaine, of all hands.

Exeunt.

Enter Curtizan with M. Penitent Brothel.

Curtiz. Oh M. Penitent Brothel!

M. Pen. What is't sweet Lady *Gulman*, that so seazes on thee with rapture and admiration?

Curtiz. A thought, a tricke, to make you fir especially happy, and yet I my selfe a sauer by it.

M. Pen. I would embrace that Lady with such courage, I would not leaue you on the loosing hand.

Curt. I wil giue trust to you fir, the cause then why I raise you from your bed so soone; wherein I know sighs would not let you sleepe, thus vnderstand it:

You loue that woman (*M. Harebraines* wife)
Which no inuented meanes can crowne with freedome,
For your desires and her owne wish, but this,
Which in my slumbers did present it selfe.

M. Pen. I'me couetous Lady.

Curtiz. you know her husband lingring in suspect,
Lockes her from all society, but mine.

M. Pen. Most true.

Curtiz. I onely am admitted, yet hitherto
That ha's done you no reall happines; by my admittance
I cannot performe that deed, that should please you,
You know: wherefore thus I've conuaid it,
Ile counterfet a fit of violent sickenes.

M. Pen. Good.

Curtiz. Nay tis not so good by my faith, but to doe you good.

M. Pen. And in that sence I call'd it, but take me with you Lady; would it be probable enough to haue a sickenes so suddenly violent?

Curtiz. Puh, all the world knows women are soone down;

we

my Masters.

we can be sicke when we haue a mind to't, catch an ague with the wind of our fans, surfet vpon the rumpe of a Larke, and bestow ten pound in physick vpon't; we're likest our selues when we're down: tis the easiest Art and cunning for our sect to counterfeit sicke, that are alwaies full of fits when we are well; for since we were made for a weake imperfect creature, we can fit that best that we are made for: I thus translated, and your selfe slipt into the forme of a Physition.

M. Pen. I a Physition Lady, talke not on't I beseech you, I shall shame the whole Colledge.

Curt. Tut man, any guacksaluing termes will serue for this purpose; for I am pitifully hanted with a brace of elder brothers, new perfumde in the first of their fortunes, and I shall see how forward their purses will be to the pleasing of my pallat, and restoring of my health; lay on load enough vpon e'm, and spare e'm not, for the're good plump fleshy Asses, and may well enough beare it: let gold, Ambre, and dissolued Pearle, be common ingrediences, and that you cannot compose a cullisse without e'm: put but this cunningly in practise, it shall bee both a sufficient recompence for all my paines in your loue, and the readie meanes to make Mistris *Harebraine*; way, by the visiting of me to your mutuall desired company.

M. Pen. I Applaud thee, kisse thee, and wil constantly embrace it.

Exeunt.

Voyces within.

Sir Boun. Ho, Gunwater!

Fol. Singlestone!

Within Ienkin, wa, ha, ho.

Within Ewen!

Within Simcod!

Fol. Footman! whewe——

Foot. Oh good your worship, let me helpe your good old worshippe.

Enter Sir Bount. with a cord halfe unbound, Foot. with him.

Sir Boun. Ah poore honest footman, how didst thou scape this massacre?

Foot.

A mad World,

Foot. E'en by miracle, and lying in my clothes fir.

Sir Boun. I thinke so, I would I had laine in my clothes to Footman, so I had scapt e'm; I could haue but risse like a begger then, and so I do now, till more money come in; but nothing afflicts me so much, my poore Geometricall Footman, as that the barberous villaines should lay violence vpon my L. Ah, the binding of my L. cuts my heart in two pieces; so, so, tis well, I thanke thee, runne to thy fellowes, vndo e'm, vndo e'm, vndo e'm.

Foot. Alas, if my L. should miscarry, the're vnbound already fir; they haue no occupation but sleepe, feed, and fart. *Exit.*

Sir Boun. If I be not ashamde to looke my L. i'th face, I'me a Sarassen my L.

Folly w. Who's that?

Sir Boun. One may see hee has beene scard, a pox on e'm for their labours.

Folly-w. Singlestone!

Sir Boun. Singlestone? Ile nere answere to that yfaith.

Folly-w. Suchman.

Sir Boun. Suchman? nor that neither yfaith; I am not brought so low, tho I be old.

Folly-w. Who's that i'th chamber?

Sir Boun. Good morrow my L. tis I.

Folly-w. Sir *Bounteous* good morrow, I would giue you my hand fir, but I cannot come at it; is this the curtesie a'th countrie fir *Bounteous*?

Sir Boun. Your Lordship grieues me more then al my losse; Tis the vnnatural'st sight that can be found, To see a noble gentleman hard-bound.

Folly-w. Trust me, I thought you had beene better be-lou'd fir *Bounteous*; but I see you haue enemies fir, and your friends fare the worse for e'm:

I like your talke better then your lodging;
I nerelay harder in a bedde of Downe; I haue had a madde nights rest on't: can you not gesse what they should be Sir *Bounteous*?

Sir Boun.

my Masters.

Sir Boun. Faith Lincolneshire men my Lord.

Folly-w. How? fie, fie, belceue it not sir, these lie not far off I warrant you.

Sir Boun. Thinke you so my Lord?

Folly-w. I'le be burnt & they doe, some that vse to your house sir, and are familiar with all the counciangles.

Sir Boun. This is the commoditie of keeping open house my Lord, that makes so many shut their doores about dinner time.

Folly-w. They were resolute villaines, I made my selfe knowne to e'm, told e'm what I was; gaue e'm my honorable word not to disclose e'm.

Sir Boun. O sawcie vnmanly villaines!

Folly-w. And thinke you the slaues would trust me vpon my word?

Sir Boun. They would not?

Folly-w. Forsooth no, I must pardon e'm, they told mee Lords promises were mortal, and commonly die within halfe an houre after they are spoken; they were but gristles, and not one amongst a hundred come to any full groth, or perfection, and therefore tho I were a L. I must enter into bond.

Sir Boun. Insupportable Rascals.

Folly-w. Troth Im'e of that mind *Sir Bounteous* you far'd the worse for my coming hither.

Sir Boun. Ah good my Lord, but Im'e sure your Lordship far'd the worse.

Folly-w. Pray pittie not me sir.

Sir Boun. Is not your honour sore about the brawne of the arme? a murren meete e'm, I feele it.

Folly-w. About this place *Sir Bounteous*?

Sir Boun. You feele as it were a twinge my Lord?

Folly-w. I, ee'n a twinge, you say right.

Sir Boun. A pox discouer e'm, that twinge I feele too.

Folly-w. But that which disturbs mee most *Sir Bounteous* lies here.

Sir Boun. True, about the wrist, a kind of Tumid numnes.

Folly-w. You say true Sir.

D

Sir Boun.

A mad World,

Sir Bount. The Reason of that my Lord is, the pulses had no play.

Folly-w. Masse so I gest it.

Sir Boun. A mischiefe swell e'm, for I feele that to.

Lieft. Sli'd her's a house haunted indeed.

Sir Boun. A word with you sir.

Folly-w. How now Singlestone?

Lieft. Im'e sorry my Lord your Lordship has lost.

Sir Boun. Pup, pup, pup, pup, pup.

Folly-w. What haue I lost? speake?

Sir Boun. A good nights sleepe say.

Folly-w. Speake, what haue I lost I say?

Lieft. A good nights sleepe my Lord, nothing else.

Folly-w. That's true, my cloth's come. *(Curtens drawn)*

Lieft. My Lords cloth's, his honor's rising.

Sir Boun. Hift, well said, come hither, what ha's my Lord lost, tell mee, speake softly?

Lieft. His Lordship must know that Sir.

Sir Boun. Hush, prethee tell mee.

Lieft. T'will doe you no pleasure to know't Sir.

Sir Boun. Yet againe? I desire it I say.

Lieft. Since your worship will needs know't, they haue stolne away a iewell in a blew filke riband of a hundred pound price, beside some hundred pounds in faire Spur-Royals.

Sir Boun. That's some two hundred it'h totall.

Lieft. Your worship's much about it Sir.

Sir Boun. Come follow me, Ile make that whole againe in so much money, let not my Lord know on't.

Lieft. Oh pardon me *Sir Bounteous*, that were a dishonor to my Lord, should it come to his eare, I should hazard my vndoing by it.

Sir Boun. How should it come to his eare? if you be my Lords chiefe man about him, I hope you do not vse to speake, vnles you be paid for't, and I had rather giue you a Councellors double Fee to hold your peace, come, go too, follow me I say.

Lieft.

my Masters.

Lieft. There will be scarce time to tell it sir, my Lord wil away instantly.

Sir Boun. His honour shall stay dinner by his leaue, I'll preuaile with him so far; and now I remember a iest; I had the whoreson theeues to dinner last night, I would I might haue their companies, a pox poyson e'm. *Exit.*

Lieft. Faith and you are like to haue no other guesse Sir *Bounteous*, if you haue none but vs, I'll giue you that gift yfaith. *Exeunt.*

Finit Actus Secundus.

Incipit Actus Tertius.

Enter Master Harebraine with two elder brothers, Master Inesse, and Master Possibilitie.

Possibi. You see bould guests Master Hareb.

Hareb. You'r kindly welcome to my house; good Master *Inesse*, and Master *Possibilitie*.

Inesse That's our presumption Sir.

Hareb. Rafe?

Rafe Here Sir.

Hareb. Call downe your mistris to welcome these two Gentlemen my friends.

Rafe I shall Sir. *Exit.*

Hareb. I will obserue her carriage, and watch
The slipperie reuolutions of her eye,
I'll lie in waite for euery glance she giues,
And poyze her words it'h ballance of suspect,
If she but swag shee's gon, either on this hand
Ouer familiar, or this, too neglectfull,
It do's behoue her carry her selfe euen.

Possibi. But master *Hareb*.

Hareb. True, I heare you sir; wa'st you said?

Possibi. I haue not spoke it yet Sir.

Hareb. Right, so I say.

Possibi. Is it not strange, that in so short a time, my little
D 2 Lady

A mad World,

Lady *Gulman* should be so violently handled?

Hareb. Oh, sicknes has no mercy sir,
It neither pitties Ladies lip, nor eye,
It crops the Rose out of the Virgins cheeke,
And so deflowres her that was nere deflowr'd,
Fooles then are maides to locke from men that treasure,
Which death will plucke, and neuer yeeld e'm pleasure;
Ah gentlemen, tho I shadow it, that sweet Virgins sicknes
griues mee not lightly, shee was my wiues onely delight and
company;

Did you not heare her gentlemen, it'h midst
Of her extreamest fit, still how shee cald vpon my wife,
Remembred still my wife, sweet mistress *Harebraine*,
When she sent for me, a one side of her bed stood the Phisit-
an, the Scriuener on the other, two horrible obieets, but
meere opposites in the course of their liues, for the Scriuener
bindes folkes, and the Phisitian makes them loose.

Poss. But not loose of their bonds Sir?

Hareb. No by my faith sir, I say not so, if the Phisitian
could make e'm loose of their bonds, ther's many a one would
take Phisick, that dares not now for poysoning, but as I was
telling of you, her Will was fashioning,
Wherein I found her best and richest Iewell,
Giuen as a Legacie vnto my wife,
When I read that, I could not refraine weeping, well of all
other, my wife ha's most reason to visit her, if shee haue any
good nature in her, shee'le shew it there, now sir wher's your
mistris?

Rafe. She desires you, and the gentlemen your friends, to
hold her excused, sha's a fit of an Ague now vpon her, which
begins to shake her.

Hareb. Where do's it shake her most?

Rafe. All ouer her body Sir.

Hareb. Shake all her body? t'is a faucie fit, Im'e ialous of
that Ague, pray walke in gentlemen, Ile see you instantly.

Rafe. Now they are absent sir, tis no such thing.

Hareb. What?

Rafe

my Masters.

Rafe My mistress has her health Sir,
But tis her fate, she may confine her selfe
From sight of all men, but your owne deere selfe Sir,
For since the sicknes of that modest Vergin
Her onely company, she delights in none;

Hareb. No; visit her againe, commend me to her,
Tell her they'r gon, and onely I my selfe
Walke here to exchange a word or two with her.

Rafe Ile tell her so sir.

Exit.

Hareb. Foole that I am, and madman, beast! what worse?
Suspicious or'e a creature that deserues
The best opinion, and the purest thought,
Watchfull or'e her that is her watch her selfe,
To doubt her waies, that lookes too narrowly
Into her owne defects; I, foolish-fearefull
Haue often rudely, out of giddie flames
Bard her those obiects which shee shuns her selfe,
Thrice I'ue had prooffe of her most constant temper,
Come I at vnawares by stealth vpon her,
I find her circled in with Diuine Writs
Of heauenly meditations; here and there
Chapters with leaues tuckt vp, which when I see
They either taxe pride or adulterie,
Ah let me curse my selfe, that could be iealous
Of her whose mind no sinne can make rebellious.
And here the vnmatched comes, now wife yfaith they'r gon,
Push, see how fearefull tis, will you not credit me?
They'r gon yfaith, why, hinke you Ile betray you? come,
come, thy delight and mine, thy onely vertuous friend, thy
sweete instructresse is violently taken, grievous sicke, and
which is worse, she mends not.

Wife Her friends are sorry for that Sir.

Hareb. Shee cals still vpon thee, poore soule, remembers
thee still, thy name whirles in her breath, wher's mistress *Hare-*
braine sayes shee?

Wife Alas good soule,

Hareb. She made me weepe thrice, sh'as put thee in a iewel

A mad World,

in her Will.

Wife Eee'n tot'h last gaspe a kind soule.

Hareb. Take my man, goe, visit her. (her.

Wife Pray pardon me sir, alas my visitation cannot helpe

Hareb. Oh yet the kindnes of a thing wife; still she holds the same rare temper; take my man I say. (going.

Wife. I would not take your man sir, tho I did purpose

Hareb. No? thy reason?

Wife The worlds condition is it selfe so vild Sir,
Tis apt to iudge the worst, of those deserue not,
Tis an ill-thinking age, and do's apply
All to the forme of it owne Luxurie,
This censure flies from one, that, from another,
That man's her Squire, sayes he; her Pimpe, the tother,
Shee's of the stampe, a third, fourth, I ha knowne her:
Iu'e heard this, not without a burning cheeke:
Then our attires are taxt, our very gate
Is cal'd in question, where a husbands presence
Scatters such thoughts, or makes e'm sinke for feare
Into the hearts that breed e'm, nay surely if I went Sir,
I would entreat your company.

Hareb. Mine? prethee wife, I haue beene there already.

Wife That's all one; altho you bring mee but to'th doore
Sir, I would intreat no farther.

Hareb. Thu'rt such a wife; why I will bring thee thither
then, but not goe vp I sweare.

Wife Yfaith you shall not, I doe not desire it sir.

Hareb. Why then content.

Wife Giue me your hand you will doe so Sir.

Hareb. Why ther's my lip I will.

Wife Why then I goe Sir.

Hareb. With me or no man, incomparable such a woman.

Exeunt.

Viols, Gallipots, Plate, and an Houre-glasse by her. The

Curtizan on a bed, for her counterfeite sit.

To her, Master Penitent Brethell, like a Doctor of Physick.

M. Peni. Lady?

Curt.

my Masters.

Curt. Ha, what newes?

M. Peni. Ther's one Sir *Bounteous Progresse* newly alighted from his footecloth, and his Mare waites at doore, as the fashion is.

Curt. Sli'd, 'tis the knight that priuately maintaines mee, a little short-olde-spinye Gentleman, in a great dublet.

M. Peni. The same, I know e'm.

Curt. Hee's my sole Reuenew, meate, drinke, and rayment; my good Phisitian worke vpon him, Im'e weake.

M. Peni. Ynough.

Sir Boun. Why, where bee these Ladies? these plump soft delicate creatures? ha?

M. Peni. Who would you visit fir? (mouth?)

Sir Boun. Visit, who? what are you with the plague in your

M. Peni. A Phisitian fir.

Sir Boun. Then you are a loose-liuer Sir, I haue put you to your purgation.

M. Peni. But you need none, you'r purg'd in a worse fashion.

Curt. Ah, Sir *Bounteous*.

Sir Boun. How now? what art thou?

Curt. Sweet Sir *Bounteous*.

Sir Boun. Pashion of me, what an alteration's here? *Rosamond* sicke old *Harry*? her's a sight able to make an olde man shrinke, I was lusty when I came in, but I am downe now yfaith, mortalitie, yea? this puts mee in mind of a hole seauen foote deepe, my graue, my graue, my graue, hift, master Doctor a word fir, harke, tis not the Plague? ist?

M. Peni. The Plague Sir, no? *Sir Boun.* Good.

M. Peni. He ne're askes whether it bee the Poxe or no, and of the twaine that had beene more likely.

Sir Boun. How now my wench? how do'st?

Curt. Huh, weake Knight, huh.

M. Peni. She saies true, hee's a weake Knight indeed.

Sir Boun. Where do's it hold thee most, wench?

Curt. All parts alike Sir.

M. Peni. Shee sayes true still, for it holds her in none.

Sir Boun.

A mad World,

Sir Boun. Harke in thine eare, thou'rt breeding of yong bones, I am afraid I haue got thee with child yfaith.

Curt. I feare that much sir.

Sir Boun. Oh, oh, if it should, a yong *Progresse* when al's done.

Curt. You haue done your good will Sir.

Sir Boun. I see by her, tis nothing but a surfet of Venus yfaith, and tho I bee old, I haue gin't her, but since I had the power to make thee sicke, Ile haue the purse to make thee whole, that's certaine; master Doctor.

M. Pent. Sir.

Sir Boun. Lets heare I pray, what i'tt you minister to her?

M. Pent. Marry Sir, some pretious cordiall, some costly refocillation, a compofure comfortable and restorative.

Sir Boun. I, I, that, that, that.

M. Pent. No poorer ingrediences then the liquor of Cur-rall, cleere Amber, or Succinum, Vnicornes horne fixe grains, Magisterium, Perlarum one scruple.

Sir Boun. Ah.

M. Pent. *Offis de Corde Cerni* halfe a scruple, *Aurum Potabile* or histincture.

Sir Boun. Very pretious Sir.

M. Pent. All which being finely contunded, and mixed in a stone or glasse mortar, with the spirit of Diamber.

Sir Boun. Nay pray be patient Sir.

M. Pent. That's impossible, I cannot bee Patient and a Phisition too Sir.

Sir Boun. Oh, crie you mercy, that's true Sir.

M. Pent. All which aforesaid.

Sir Boun. I, there you left Sir.

M. Pent. When it is almost exsiccate or drie, I adde there-to *olei Succini, olei Masi, & Sinamoni.*

Sir Boun. So Sir, *olei Masi*, that same oyle of Mase is a great comfort to both the Counters.

M. Pent. And has beene of a long time Sir.

Sir Boun. Well, bee of good cheere wench, ther's gold for thee;

my Masters.

thee; huh, let her want for nothing M. Doctor, a poore kinse-woman of mine, nature bindes me to haue a care of her; there I guld you M. Doctor: gather vp a good spirit wench, the fit will away, tis but a surfet of gristles: ha, ha, I haue fitted her; an old Knight and a cocke a'th game still, I haue not spurs for nothing I see.

M. Pen. No by my faith, the're hatcht, they cost you an Angell sir.

Sir Boun. Looke to her good M. Doctor, let her want nothing, I'ue giuen her enough already, Ha, ha, ha. *Exit.*

Curt. So, is he gone?

M. Pen. Hee's like himselfe gon.

Curtiz. Heer's somewhat to set vp with; how soone he tooke occasion to slip into his owne flattery, soothing his own defects; he onely feares he has done that deed, which I nere feard to come from him in my life, this purchase came vnlookt for.

M. Pen. H'ist, the paire of sonnes and heires.

Curt. Oh, the're welcome, they bring money.

Enter M. Inesse and Possibilitie.

Poss. M. Doctor.

M. Pen. I come to you Gentleman.

Poss. How do's she now?

M. Pen. Faith much after one fashion sir.

Iness. There's hope of life sir.

M. Pen. I see no signes of death of her.

Poss. That's some comfort; will she take any thing yet?

M. Pen. Yes, yes, yes, shee'le take still: sh'as a kind of facility in taking: how comes your band bloody sir?

Iness. You may see I met with a scab sir.

M. Pen. *Diuersa genera Scabierum*, as *Pliny* reports, there are diuers kind of Scabs.

Iness. Pray lets heare e'm sir.

M. Pen. An itching scab, that is your harlot; a sore scab, your vsurer; a running, your promooter; a broad scab, your intelligencer; but a white scabbe, that's a scald knaue and a

E

Pandar:

A mad World,

Pander: but to speake truth, the onely scabs wee are now a daies troubled withall, are new officers.

Inesse. Why now you come to mine sir, for Ile be sworne one of them was very busie about my head this morning, and he should be a scab by that, for they are ambitious and couet the head.

M. Pent. Why you saw I deriu'de him sir?

Ines. You Physitions are mad Gentlemen.

M. Pent. We Physitions see the most sights of any men liuing, you're Astronomers looke vpward into'th aire, we look downeward into'th bodie, and indeed wee haue power vpward and downeward.

Ines. That you haue yfaith sir.

Pos. Lady, how cheere you now?

Curtiz. The same woman still, huh.

Pos. That's not good.

Curtiz. Little alteration, Fie, fie, you haue beene to lauish Gentlemen.

Ines. Puh, talke not of that Lady, thy health's worth a million; here M. Doctor, spare for no cost.

Pos. Lookewhat you find there sir.

Curtiz. What doe you meane gentlemen, put vp, put vp, you see I'me downe and cannot striue with you, I would rule you else; you haue me at aduantage, but ifeuer I liue, I will requite it deeply.

Inesse. Tut an't come to that once, wee'le requit our selues well enough.

Pos. Mist. *Harebrain*, Lady, is setting forth to visit you too.

Curtiz. Hah, huh.

M. Pen. There stricke the munit that brings forth the birth of all my ioyes and wishes; but see the iarre now, how shall I rid these from her?

Curti. Pray gentleman, stay not aboue an houre from my sight.

Ines. S'foot we are not going Lady.

M. Pen. Subtilly brought about, yett'will not doe, the'le sticke by't; a word with you gentlemen.

Both

my Masters.

Both. What saies M. Doctor?

M. Pen. She wants but setting of her sense with rest, one howres sleepe gentlemen would set all parts in tune.

Pos. He saies true yfaith.

Ines. Get her to sleepe M. Doctor, wee'le both sit heere and watch by her.

M. Pen. Hels Angels watch you, no Art can preuaile with e'm; what with the thought of ioyes, and sight of crosses, my wits are at *Hercules* pillars, *non plus ultra*.

Curt. M. Doctor, M. Doctor?

M. Pen. Here Lady.

Curtiz. Your physicke workes, lend me your hand.

Pos. Farewell sweet Lady.

Ines. Adue M. Doctor.

Curt. So.

M. Pen. Let me admire thee,
The wit of man, wanes and decreases soone,
But womens wit is euer at ful moone. *Enter Adist. Harebrain.*
There shot a star from heauen,
I dare not yet behold my happines.
The splendor is so glotious and so piercing.

Curtiz. Mistris *Harebraine*, giue my wit thanks hereafter,
your wishes are in sight, your opportunity spacious.

Wife. Will you but heare a word from mee?

Curtiz. Whooh——

Wife. My husband himselfe brought mee to'th doore,
walkes below for my returne; ielousie is prick-eard, and will
heare the waging of a haire.

Curtiz. Pish, y'are a faint-liuer, trust your selfe with your
pleasure, and me with your security, go.

M. Pen. The fulnes of my wish.

Wife. Of my desire.

M. Pen. Beyond this sphere I neuer will aspire. *Exeunt.*

Enter M. Harebraine listening.

Hareb. Ile listen, now the flesh drawes nie her end,

A mad World,

At such a time women exchange their secrets,
And ranfack the close corners of their hearts;
What many yeares hath whelm'd, this houre imparts.

Curtiz. Pray fit downe, there's a low stoole, good Mistris *Harebraine*, this was kindly done; huh giue me your hand; huh, alas how cold you are: eu'n so is your husband, that worthy wise Gentleman; as comfortable a man to woman in my case, as euer trod--huh--shoe leather, loue him, honour him, sticke by him, hee lets you want nothing, that's fit for a woman; and to be sure on't, he wil see himselfe that you want it not.

Hareb. And so I doe yfaith, tis right my humour.

Curt. You liue a Ladies life with him, go where you will, ride when you will, and do what you will.

Hareb. Not so, not so neither, shee's better lookt to.

Curt. I know you doe, you need not tell me that; t'were ee'n pity of your life yfaith, if euer you should wrong such an innocent gentleman; fie Mistris *Harebraine*, what doe you meane? come you to discomfort mee? nothing but weeping with you?

Hareb. Shee's weeping, t'as made her weepe, my wife shewes her good nature already.

Curt. Still, still weeping? huff, huff, huff, why how now woman? hey, hy, hy, for shame leaue; suh, suh, she cannot answer me for snobbing.

Hareb. All this do's her good, beshrew my heart and I pity her, let her shed teares till morning; Ile stay for her, she shall haue enough on't by my good will; Ile not be her hinderance.

Curt. O no, lay your hand here Mistris *Harebraine*: I there, Oh there, there lies my paine good gentlewoman: sore? Oh I, I can scarce endure your hand vpon't.

Hareb. Poore soule, how shee's tormented.

Curtiz. Yes, yes, I eate a Cullisse an houre since.

Hareb. There's some comfort in that yet, she may scape it.

Curtiz. Oh it lies about my heart much.

Hareb.

my Masters.

Hareb. I'me sory for that yfaith, shee'le hardly scape it.

Curtiz. Bound, no, no, I'de a very comfortable stoole this morning.

Hareb. I'me glad of that yfaith, that's a good signe, I smell, shee'le scape it now.

Curtiz. Will you be going then?

Hareb. Fall backe, shee's comming.

Curtiz. Thanks good Mistris *Harebraine*, welcome sweet Mistris *Harebraine*, pray commend me to the good gentleman your husband.

Hareb. I could do that my selfe now.

Curtiz. And to my vncl Winchcombe, and to my Aunt Lipsalue, and to my cosen Falsetop, and to my cosen Lickit, and to my cosen Horseman, and to all my good cosens in Clearken well, and Saint Ioneses.

Enter Wife with Master Penitent.

Wife. At three daies end my husband takes a iourney.

M. Pent. Oh thence I deriue a second meeting.

Wife. May it prosper still,
Till then I rest a captive to his will:
Once agen health, rest, and strength to thee sweete Lady:
farewell, you witty squall; good M. Doctor haue a care to
her body if you stand her friend, I know you can doe her
good.

Curtiz. Take pity of your waiter, goe: farewell sweete Mistris *Harebraine*.

Hareb. Welcome sweete wife, alight vpon my lip, neuer was hower spent better.

Wife. Why, were you within the hearing sir?

Hareb. I that I was yfaith, to my great comfort; I deceiud you there wife, ha, ha;

I doe intreat thee, nay coniure thee wife
Vpon my loue, or what can more be said?
Oftner to visit this sicke vertuous maid.

Wife. Be not so fierce, your will shalbe obaide.

Hareb. Why then I see thou lou'st me.

Exeunt.

M. Pent.

A mad World,

M. Peni. Art of Ladies.

When plots aree'n past hope, and hang their head,
Set with a womans hand, they thriue and spread.

Exit.

*Enter Folly-wit with Lieftenant Maw-worme, Antient
Hoboy, and the rest of his consorts.*

Folly-w. Wast not wel manag'de, you necessary mischiefs?
did the plot want either life or Art?

Lief. Tw's so well Captaine, I would you could make
such another Musse at all aduentures.

Folly w. Do'st cal't a Musse? I am sure my Grandfire nere
got his money worse in his life, then I got it from him, if euer
he did cozen the simple; why I was borne to reuenge their
quarrell; if euer oppresse the widdow? I, a fatherles child
haue done as much for him; and so tis through the world ei-
ther in iest or earnest, let the vsurer looke for't, for craft re-
coyles in the end, like an ouercharg'd musket, and maymes
the very hand that puts fire too't; there needs no more but a
Vsurers owne blow to strike him from hence to hell, twil set
him forward with a vengeance; but herelay the iest whore-
sons, my Grandfire thinking in his conscience that wee had
not rob'd him ynough or'e night, must needs pittie mee it'h
morning, and giue me the rest.

Lief. Two hundred pounds in faire Rose-Nobles I protest.

Folly-w. Push, I knew he could not sleep quietly til he had
pay'd me for robing of him too, tis his humour, & the humor
of most of your rich men in the course of their liues; for you
know, they alwaies feast those mouthes that are least nedie,
and giue them more, that haue too much alreadie; and what
call you that, but robing of themselues a Courtlyer way; Oh.

Lief. Cuds me, how now Captaine?

Folly-w. A cold fit that comes ouer my memory, and has a
shrode pull at my fortunes.

Lief. What's that Sir?

Folly-w. Is it for certaine, Lieftenant, that my Grandfire
keepees an vncertaine creature, a Queane?

Lief.

my Masters.

Lieft. I that's too true Sir.

Folly-w. So much the more 'preposterous for mee, I shall
hop shorter by that trickes; she carries away the thirds at least;
twill proue en-tayld land I am afraid when al's done, yfaith
nay, I haue knowne a vicious-old-thought-acting Father,
Damb'd onely in his dreames, thirsting for game,
(When his best parts hung downe their heads for shame,)
For his blancht harlot dispossesse his sonne,
And make the pox his heire, twa's grauely done :
How had'st thou first knowledge on't Lieftenant ?

Lieft. Faith from discourse, yet all the pollicie
That I could vse, I could not get her name.

Folly-w. Dull slaue that ne're could'st spie it.

Lieft. But the māner of her coming was describ'd to me.

Folly-w. How is the manner prethee ?

Lieft. Marry sir she comes, most commonly coacht.

Folly-w. Most commonly coacht indeed, for coaches are
as common now adayes, as some that ride in e'm, shee comes
most commonly coacht.

Lieft. True, there I left sir, guarded with some leash of Pimps.

Folly-w. Beside the coachman ?

Lieft. Right sir, then alighting, shee's priuatly receiu'd by
master *Gunwater*.

Folly-w. That's my Grandfires chiefe Gentleman it'h
chaine of gold, that hee should liue to bee a Pander, and yet
looke vpon his chaine and his veluet iacket

Lieft. Then is your Grandfire rounded it'h eare, the key
giuen after the Italian fashion, backward, she closly conuaid
into his closet, there remaining, till either opportunitie
smile vpon his credit, or hee send downe some hot caudle to
take order in his performance.

Folly-w. Peace, tis mine owne yfaith, I haa'te.

Lieft. How now Sir ?

Folly-w. Thankes, thankes to any spirit,
That mingled it mongst my inuentions.

Ant. Why master *Folly-wit* ?

All. Captaine ?

Folly-w.

A mad World,

Folly-w. Giue me scope and heare me,
I haue begot that meanes which will both furnish me,
And make that queane walke vnder his conceit.

Leift. That were double happines, to put thy selfe into
money and her out of fauour.

Folly-w. And all at one dealing?

Ant. S'foot I long to see that hand plaid,

Folly-w. And thou shalt see't quickly yfaith; nay tis in
graine, I warrant it hold colour: Leiftenant, step behind yo'n
hanging; if I mistooke not at my entrance, there hangs the
lower part of a gentlewomans gowne, with a maske and a
chinclout; bring all this way: Nay, but doo't cunningly
now, tis a friends house, and I'd vse it so, ther's a tast for you.

Ant. But prethee what wilt thou doe with a Gentlewo-
mans lower part?

Folly-w. Why vse it.

Ant. Y'auc answered me indeed in that, I can demand no
farder.

Folly. Well said Leiftenant.

Leift. What will you do now sir?

Folly-w. Come, come, thou shalt see a woman quickly
made vp here.

Leift. But that's against kind Captaine, for they are al-
waies long a making ready.

Folly-w. And is not most they doe against kind I prethee?
to lie with their Horse-keeper, is not that against kind? to
weare half moons made of anothers haire, is not that against
kind? to drinke downe a man, she that should set him vp, pray
is not that monstrously against kind now? nay ouer with it
Leiftenant, ouer with it, euer while you liue put a womans
clothes ouer her head: *Cupid* plaies best at blind-man buff.

Leift. You shal haue your will maintenance, I loue madde
trickes as well as you for your heart sir; but what shift will
you make for vpper bodies Captaine?

Fol. I see now thou'rt an Ass, why I'me ready.

Leift. Ready?

Folly. Why the Doublet serues as well as the best, and is
most

my Masters.

most in fashion, weere all Male to'th middle, mankinde from the Beuer to'th Bum, tis an Amazonian time, you shall haue women shortly treade their husbands; I should haue a couple of Locks behind, prethee Lieutenant find em out for me, and wind 'em about my hatband, nay you shall see, wee be in fashion to a hayre, and become all with probability, the most musty-visage Critick shall not except against me.

Left. Nay ile giue thee thy due behind thy backe, thou art as mad a piece of Clay ---

Folly. Clay! dost call thy Captaine Clay? indeede clay was made to stop holes, he sayes true; did not I tell you rascalls you should see a woman quickly made vp?

Antient. Ile sweare for't Captaine.

Folly. Come, come, my maske and my chin-cloute-- Come into'th Court.

Left. Nay they were both 'ith Court long agoe sir.

Folly. Let me see, where shall I chuse two or three for Pimps now? but I cannot chuse amisse amongst you all, thats the best, well, as I am a Queane, you were best haue a care of me, and guard me sure, I giue you warning before hand, tis a monckie taylde-Age. Life, you shall goe nye to haue halfe a douzen blythe fellowes surprize me cowardly, carry me away with a payre of owers, and put in at Putney.

Left. We should laugh at that y faith.

Folly. Or shoote in vppo'th coast of Cue.

Left. Two notable fit landing places for Leachers, P. and C. Putney and Cue.

Folly. Well, say you haue faire warning on't, the hayre about the hat is as good as a flag vppo'th pole at a common Play-house to waite company, and a chin-cloute is of that powerfull a traction I can tell you, twill draw more Linnen toot?

Left. Feare not vs Captaine, there's none here but can fight for a whore as well as some Innes a Court-man?

Follie. Why then set forward; and as you scorne two shilling brothell, tweluepenny Pandarisme, and such base bribes, guard me from bonny Scribs, and bony Scribes.

A mad World,

*Left Hang'em, pensions, and allowancces, foure pence halfe
penny a meale, hang'em.*

Exeunt.

Finit Actus Tertius.

Incipit Actus Quartus.

*Enter in his chamber out of his studie, Master Penitent, Once
Ill, a Booke in his hand reading.*

Maſt. Pe. Ha? reade that place agen, ~ Adulterie
Drawes the Diuorce twixt heauen and the ſoule
Accursed man that standſt diuorſt from heauen,
Thou wretched vnthrift, that haſt playd away
Thy Eternall portion at a minutes game,
To pleaſe the fleſh, haſt blotted out thy name:
Where were thy nobler meditations buſied?
That they durſt truſt this body with it ſelfe,
This naturall drunkard that vndoes vs all,
And makes our ſhame apparant in our fall.
Then let my bloud pay for't, and vex and boyle,
My ſoule I know would neuer grieue tot'h death,
The Eternall ſpirit that feeds her with his breath:
Nay I that knew the price of life and ſinne,
What Crowne is kept for continence, what for luſt?
The end of man, and glory of that end
As endleſſe as the giuer:
To doat on weakneſſe, ſlime, corruption, woman?
What is ſhe, tooke aſunder from her clothes?
Being ready, ſhe conſiſts of hundred peeces,
Much like your German cloak, and nere allyed
Both are ſo nice, they cannot goe for pride.
Beſide a greater fault, but too well knowne,
They le ſtrike to ten, when they ſhold ſtop at one;
Within theſe three daies the next meeting's fixt,
If I meet then, hell and my ſoule be mixt.
My lodging I know conſtantly, ſhe not knowes,
Sin's hate is the beſt guiſt that ſin beſtowes:

my Masters.

He nere embrace her more,--neuer -- better witnesse, neuer.

*Enter the Diuell in her shape, claps him on
the shoulder.*

Succubus. What at a stand? the fitter for my company?

Mast. Pa. Celestiall souldiers guard me,--

Succubus. How now man? Late did the quicknesse of my
presence fright thee?

Mast. Pa. Shield me you ministers of faith and grace.

Succubus. Leauē, leauē, are you not ashamed to vse such words
to a woman?

Mast. Pa. Th'art a Deuill.

Suc. A diuell? feele, feele man, has a diuell flesh and bone?

Mast. Pa. I do coniure thee by that dreadfull power --

Suc. The man has a delight to make me tremble;
Are these the fruits of thy aduenturous Loue?
Was I entis't for this? to be soone reiecte?
Come, what has changd thee so, Delight?

Mast. Pa. Away.

Succubus. Remember.

Mast. Pa. Leauē my fight.

Suc. Haue I this meeting wrought with cunning,
Which when I come I finde thee thunning?
Rowze thy amorous thoughts and twine me,
All my interest I resigne thee:
Shall we let slip this mutuall hower,
Comes so seldome in her power?
Wher's thy lip, thy clip, thy fadome?
Had weomen such loues, would't not mad 'em?
Art a man? or dost abuse one?
A Loue! and knowst not how to vse-one?
Come, ile teache thee--

Mast. Pa. Do not follow.

Succubus. Once so firme and now so hollow?
When was place and season sweeter?
Thy blisse in sight and dar'st not meete her?
Wher's thy courage youth and vigor?
Loues best please, whent's feard with rigour:

A mad World,

Ceare me then with veynes most chearefull,
Weomen loue no flesh that's fearefull;
Tis but a fit, come Drinck't away,
And dancè and sing, and kisse and play-- Fa le
La, le la, Fa le la, le la la; Fa le la, fa la le
La le la.

Mast. Pan. Torment me not.

Succu. Fa le la, fa le la, fa la la, loh.

Mast. Pa. Fury.

Succu. Fa le la, fa le la, fa la la loh.

Mast. Pa. Deuill! I do coniure thee once againe,
By that soule-quaking thunder to depart,
And leaue this chamber, freed from thy dambd Art.

Succu. Stamps--

and *Exit.*

Mast. Pa. It ha's preuayld-- Oh my sin-shaking Sinewes!
what should I thinke? *Iesper*, why *Iesper*.

Iesper. Sir! how now? what has disturbd you sir.

Mast. Pa. A fit, a qualme, -- is mistrisse *Hargraue* gone?

Iesper. Who sir? mistrisse *Hargraue*?

Mast. Pa. Is she gone I say?

Iesper. Gone? why she was neuer here yet.

Mast. Pa. No!

Iesper. Why no sir.

Mast. Pa. Art sure ont.

Iesper. Sure ont? if I be sure I breathe, and am my selfe?

Mast. Pa. I like it not, -- where kepst thou?

Iesper. It's next roome sir.

Mast. Pa. Why she struck by thee man.

Iesper. Youde make one mad sir, that a gentlewoman should
steale by me and I not heare her, sfoote, one may heare the
ruffling of their bums almost an hower before we see 'em.

Mast. Pa. I will be satisfide, -- altho to hazard,
What though her husband meete me? I am honest;
When mens intents are wicked, their guilt haunts em,
But when they're iust, they're armd, and nothing daunts 'em.

Iesper. What strange humour call you this? he dreames of
weomen and both his eyes broad open!

Exeunt.

Enter

my Masters,

Enter at one doore Sir Bounteous, at another Gum-water.

Sir Boun. Why how now master *Gumwater*? what's the newes with your haſt?

Gum. I haue a thing to tell your worſhip --

Sir Boun. Why prethee tell me, ſpeakeman.

Gum. Your worſhip ſhall pardon me, I haue better bringing vp then ſo.

Sir Boun. How fir?

Gum. Tis a thing made fit for your Eare fir --

Sir Boun. Oh--o--o--cry you mercy, now I begin to taſte you,-- is ſhe come?

Gum. Shee's come fir?

Sir Boun. Recouer'd, well and ſound agen?

Gum. That's to be feared fir.

Sir Boun. Why fir?

Gum. She weares a Linnen cloth about her Iawe,

Sir Boun. Ha, ha, haw,-- why that's the faſhion you whorſon *Gumwater*.

Gum. The faſhion fir? liue I ſo long time to ſee that a faſhion, which rather was an Embleme of diſpraye, It was ſuſpected much in *Mounſiers* dayes.

Sir Boun. I, I, in thoſe dayes, that was a queaſie time, our age is better hardned now, and put oftner in the fire, we are tryed what we are : tut, the Pox is as naturall now, as an Ague in the Spring time, we ſeldome take phyſicke without it; here, take this key, you knew what duties belong too't, goe,-- giue order for a Cullize, let there be a good fire made it'h matted chamber, do you heare fir?--

Gum. I know my office fir.

Exit.

Sir Boun. An old mans venery is very chargeable my maſters, there much cooquery belongs too't.

Exit.

Enter Gumwater with Follywet in Curtizans diſguize, - and maskt.

A mad World,

Gum. Come Lady, you know where you are now?

Folly. Yes, good master *Gumwater*.

Gum. This is the old closet you know.

Folly. I remember it well sir.

Gum. There stands a Casket, I would my yearely reuenue were but worth the wealth thats lockt int Lady; yet I haue fifty pound a yeere wench.

Folly. Beside your apparrell sir?

Gum. Yes faith haue I.

Folly. But then you reckon your chaine sir.

Gum. No by my troth doe I not, neither: faith and you consider me rightly sweet Lady, you might admit a choyse gentleman into your seruice.

Folly. Oh, pray away sir.

Gum. Pus ha come, come, you do but hinder your fortunes yfaith, I haue the command of all the house, I can tell you, nothing comes intor'h kitchen, but comes through my hands.

Folly. Pray do not handle me sir.

Gum. Faith y'are too nice Lady : and as for my secrecy you know I haue vowd it often to you.

Folly. Vowd it? no, no, you men are fickle,--

Gum. Fickle?--foote bind me Lady---

Folly. Why I bind you by vertue of this chayne to meet me to morrow at the Flowredeluce yonder, betweene Nine and Ten.

Gum. And if I do not Lady let me lose it, thy loue and my best fortunes?

Folly. Why now ile trye you, goe too.

Gum. Farewell sweet Lady. *kisses her* *Exit.*

Folly. Welcome sweete cockscombe; by my faith a good induction, I perceiue by his ouerworne phrase, and his action toward the middle region still there has bin some saucy nibbling motion, and no doubt the cunning queane waited but for her prey, and I thinke tis better bestowd vpon me for his soules health;--and his bodies too; ile reache the slaue to be so bould yet, as once to offer to vault into his masters saddle yfaith: Now Casket, by your leaue, I haue scene your outside oft, but
thats

my Masters,

thats no prooffe . Some haue fayre outfides that are nothing worth : ha? -- now by my faith a gentlewoman of very good parts, Diamond, Rubie, Saphire, *Onix cum prolo Silexque*; if I doe not wonder how the queene scape tempting , I me an Hermophrodite, sure she could lack nothing, but the Diuell to poynt too't, and I wonder that he should be missing; well, tis better as it is , this is the fruite of old-grunting-venerie. Grandfire, you may thanke your Drab for this; oh fy e, in your crinckling dayes Grandfire, keepe a Curtizan to hinder your Grandchild, tis against Nature yfaith , and I hope youle be weary ont: Now to my villaines that lurke close below:
Who keepes a Harlot tell him this from me,
He needes nor theefe, disease, nor enemy.

Exit.

Enter Sir Bounteous.

Sir Boun. Ah sirrah, methinke I feele my selfe well tosted, bumbasted, rubd and refreshd; but yfaith I cannot forget to thinke how soone sicknesse has altered her-- to my tast, I gaue her a kisse at bottome o'th stayres, and byth masse me thought her breath had much adoe to be sweet, like a thing compounded me thought of wine, Beere, and Tobacco, I smelt much Pudding in't.

It may be but my fancy, or her physicke:

For this I know, her health gaue such content,

The fault rests in her sicknesse, or my sent . How dost thou now sweete girle, what well recouerd ? Sicknesse quite gone, ha? speake --- ha? wench ? *Franko Gulman*, why body of me, whats here? my Casket wide open, broke open, my Iewells stolne--why *Gumwater*--

Gum. Anon anon sir.

Sir Bonn. Come hither *Gumwater*.

Gum. That were small manners sir yfaith, ile find a time anon your worship's busie yet.

Sir Bonn. Why *Gumwater*?

Gum. Fo nay then youle make me blush yfaith sir.--

Sir Bonn. Where's this Creature?

Gum.

A mad World,

Gum. What creature ist you'de haue fir?

Sir Bonn. The worst that euer breathes.

Gum. Thats a wild Bore fir.

Sir Bonn. That's a vilde whore fir;--where didst thou leaue her Rascall?

Gum. Who? your Recreation fir.

Sir Bonn. My Execration fir.

Gum. Where I was wont, in your worships closet.

Sir Bonn. A pox engrosse her, it appeares too true,
See you this Casket fir.

Gum. My chayne, my chayne, my chayne, my one and only
chayne. *Exit.*

Sir Bonn. Thou runst to much purpose now, *Gumwater*, yee?
Is not a Queane ynough to answer for,
but she must ioyne a theefe too't, a theeuing Queane, Nay I
haue done with her yfaith, tis a signe sh'as beene sicke alate, for
shee's a great deale worse then she was, by my troth I would
haue paund my life vpon't, did she want any thing? was she
not supplyde?

Nay and liberally, for thats an old mans sinne,
Weele feast our Lechery, though we starue our kin.
Is not my name *Sir Bounteous*, am I not exprest there?
Ah fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, but I perceiue

Tho she haue neuer so compleate a friend,
a strumpets loue will haue a waft i'th end,
and distast the vessell: I can hardly beare this;
But say I should complaine, perhaps she has pawnd 'em,
Sfoote the Iudges will but laugh at it, and bid her borrowe
more money of em, make the old fellow pay for's lechery,
thats all the mends I get, I haue seene the same Case tryed at
Newbery the last Sizes.

Well, things must slip and sleepe, I will dissemble it,
because my credit shall not loose her lustre,
But whilst I liue, ile neyther loue nor trust her.
I ha done, I ha done, I ha done with her yfaith. *Exit.*

Master Penitent Once-ill-knocking wishin;
enter a Scruius.

Enter

my Masters.

Enter Master Penitent.

Servus. Who'se that knocks?

Mast. Pa. A friend.

Servus. Whats your will fir?

Ma. Pa. Is master *Hargraue* at home?

Servus. No, newly gone from it fir.

Mast. Pa. Where's the gentlewoman his wife?

Servus. My mistrisse is within fir.

Mast. Pa. When came she in I pray?

Servus. Who my mistrisse? she was not out these two dayes to my knowledge.

Mast. Pa. No? trust me I de thought I de seene her, I would request a word with her.

Servus. Ile tell her fir.

Mast. Pa. I thanke you--- It likes me worse and worse.--

Enter mistrisse Hargraue.

Wife. Why how now fir? twas desperately aduenturd, I little lookt for you vntill the morrow.

Mast. Pa. No? why what made you at my chamber then euen now?

Wife. I at your chamber?

Mast. Pa. Puh--dissemble not, come, come, you were there.

Wife. By my life you wrong me fir.

Mast. Pa. What?

Wife. First y'are not ignorant what watch keeps o're me, And for your chamber, as I liue I knowt not.

Mast. Pa. Burst into sorrow then, and greefes extreames, Whilst I beate on this flesh.

Wife. What ist disturbs you fir?--

Mast. Pa. Then was the diuell in your likenesse there.

Wife. Ha?

Mast. Pa. The very Deuill assumde thee formally,
That face, that voyce, that gesture, that attire,
Een as it sits on thee, not a pleate alterd,
That Beuer band, the colour of that Periwig,
The Farthingale aboue the Nauill, all;
As if the fashion were his owne inuention,

G

Wife.

A mad World,

Wife. Mercy defend me.

Mast. Pa. To beguile me more.

The cunning *Succubus* told me that meeting
Was wrought a purpose by much wit and Art,
Wept to me, laide my vovves before me, vrgd me,
Gaue me the priuate markes of all our Loue,
Wood me in wanton and effeminate rimes,
And sung and danst about me like a Fayry,
And had not worthier cogitations blest me,
Thy forme and his enchantments had possesst me.

Wife. What shall become of me? my owne thoughts doome mee.

Mast. Pa. Be honest; then the Diuell will nere assume thee,
He has no pleasure in that shape to abide,
Where these two sisters raigne not, lust or pride;
He as much trembles at a constant mind
As looser flesh at him, -- be not dismayde:
Spring soules for ioy, his policies are betrayde;
Forgiue me mistrisse *Hargraue*, on whose soule
The guilt hangs double,
My lust and thy enticement: both I challenge,
And therefore of due vengeance it appeard
To none but me to whome both sins inher'd;
What knowes the lecher when he clips his whore
Whether it be the Diuell his parts adore:
They're both so like, that in our Naturall sence,
I could discerne no change nor difference.
No maruell then times should so stretch and turne
None for Religion, all for pleasure burne.
Hot zeale into hot lust is now transformde,
Grace into paynting, charity into clothes,
Faith into false hayre, and put off as often,
Theres nothing but our vertue knowes a meane,
He that kept open house now keepes a Queane.
He will keep open still, that he commends,
And there he keeps a table for his friends:
And she consumes more then her Sire could hoord,

Being

my Masters.

Being more common then his house or boord:
Liue honest, and liue happy, keep thy vowes,
Shees part a Virgin whom but one man knowes:
Embrace thy husband, and beside him none,
Hauing but one heart, giue it but to one,

*Enter
Hargraue.*

Wife. I vow it on my knees, with teares true bred
No man shall euer wrong my husbands bed.

Mast. Pa. Rise, I' me thy friend for euer.

Harebraine. And I thine

For euer and euer, -- Let me embrace thee sir ; whome I will
loue, euen next vnto my soule, and thats my wife,
Two deere Rare Iems this hower presents me with,
A wife thats modest, and a friend thats right,
Idle suspect and feare, now take your flight.

Mast. Pa. A happy inward peace crowne both your ioyes

Harebraine. Thankes aboue vtterance to you, -- now ? the
newes?

Seruus. Sir *Bounteous* Progresse sir,
Inuites you and my mistrisse to a feast,
On Tuesday next, his man attends without---

Harebraine. Returne both with our willingnesse and thanks.
I will intreate you sir, to be my guest.

Mast. Pa. Who I sir.

Harg. Faith you shall.

Mast. Pa. Well, ile break strife.

Harebraine. A friend's so rare, ile sooner part from life.

Enter Follywit, the Curtizan strining from him.

Folly. What so coy, so strickt, come, come.

Cur. Pray change your opinion sir, I am not for that vse.

Follie. Will you but heare me?

Cur. I shall heare that I would not.

Exit.

Folly. Sfoote this is strange, I'ue seldome scene a wench
Stand vpon stricter points, life she will not endure to be cour-
ted, do's she ere thinke to prosper? Ile nere belecue that Tree
can bring forth fruit, that neuer beares a blossome, Court-
ship: a blossome, and often brings forth fruit in forty weeks:
Twere a mad part in me, now to turne ouer: if euer there were

A mad World,

any hope on't, tis at this instant, shall I be madder now then
eu' I haue beene? 'ime in the way ifaith.

Mans neuer at hie height of madnes full,
Vntill he loue and proue a womans gull;
I doe protest in earnest I nere knew

At which end to begin to affect a woman,
Till this bewitching minute, I nere saw
Face worth my object, till mine eie met hers, I should laugh
and I were caught yfaith, Ile see her agen thats certaine, what
Ere comes ont, by your fauour Ladies. *Enter the Mother.*

Mother. You'r welcome sir.

Folly. Know you the yong gentlewoman that went in lately?

Mo. I haue best cause to know her, 'ime her mother sir.

Folly. Oh in good time, I like the gentlewoman well, a pre-
ty contriu'd beauty,

Mother. I, nature has done her part sir.

Folly. But she has one vncomely quality.

Mother. Whats that sir?

Folly. Sfoote she's afraid of a man.

Mother. Alasse, impute that to her bashfull spirit, she's fear-
full of her honour.

Folly. Of her honour? slid 'ime sure I cannot get her mai-
den head with breathing vpon her, nor can she loose her ho-
nour in her tongue.

Mother. True, and I haue often told her so, but what would
you haue of a foolish virgine sir, a wilfull virgine, I tell you
sir, I neede not haue beene in that solitarie estate that I am,
had she had grace and boldnes to haue put her selfe forward,
alwaies timor some, alwaies backward, ah that same peeuish
honour of hers, has vndone her and me both good gentlemā:
the suitors, theiewels, the ioynters that has beene offerd her,
wee had beene made women for eu' , but what was her fa-
shion? she could not indure the sight of a man forsooth, but
run and hole her selfe presently, so choice of her honour, I am
perswaded, when ere she has husband, she wil eene be a presi-
dent for all married wiues, how to direct their actions, and
their liues.

Folly.

my Masters,

Folly. Haue you not so much power with her, to commād her presence.

Mother. You shall see straight what I can doe sir. *Exit.*

Folly. Would I might be hangd, if my loue do not stretch to her deeper and deeper, those bashfull maiden humors take me prisoner. when their comes a restraint ont vpon flesh, wee are alwaies most greedy vppont, & that makes your merchāts wife oftentimes pay so deare for a mouthfull: giue me a woman as she was made at first, simple of her selfe, without Sophistication, like this wench, I cannot abide them when they haue tricks, set speeches & Artfull entertainments, you shall haue some so impudently aspected, they will outcry the forehead of a man, make him blush first, & talke him into silence, & this is counted manly in a woman, it may hold so, sure womanly it is not, no, If ere I loue, or any thing moue me,
Twill be a womans simple modesty.

Enter Mother bringing in striningly the Curtezian.

Curte. Pray let me go, why mother what doe you meane? I beseech you mother? is this your conquest now? great glory tis to ouercome a pore and silly virgine.

Folly. The wonder of our time sits in that browe,
I nere beheld a perfit man till now. (wise,

Mo. Thou childish thing, more bashfull then thou'rt
Why dost thou turne aside, and drowne thine eies?
Looke fearefull foole, theres no tēptation nere thee,
Art not ashamd that any flesh should feare thee,
VWhy I durst pawne my life the gentleman meanes no other
but honest and pure loue to thee, how say you sir?

Folly. By my faith not I Lady.

Mo. Harke you there? what think you now forsooth? what
greeues your honour now?
Or what lasciuious breath intends to reare
Against that maiden Organ your chaste care?
Are you resolu'd now better of mens harts?
Their faiths and their affections, with you none,
Or at most, fewe whose tongues and minds are one.
Repent you now of your opinion past,
Men loue as purely as you can be chaste: to her your selfe sir,

A mad World,

The wayes broke before you, you haue the easier passage.

Folly. Feare not, come; erect thy happy graces in thy looke;
I am no curious wooer, but in faith
I loue thee honourably.

C. How meane you that sir?

Folly. Sfoot as one loues a woman for a wife,

Mother. Has the gentleman answered you, tro?

Folly. I do confesse it truely to you both,
My estate is yet but sickly, but I'ue a Grandfire
Will make me Lord of thousands at his death.

Mother. I know your Grandfire well; she knowes him better.

Folly. Why then you know no fiction; my state then will be
a long dayes iourney 'boue the wast wench.

Mo. Nay daughter he sayes true.

Folly. And thou shalt often measure it in thy coache,
And with the wheels tract make a girdle for't.

Mo. Ah twilll be a merry iourny.

Folly. What ist a match, if't be clap hands & lips;

Mo. Tis done, ther's witnesse on't.

Folly. Why then mother I salute you.

Mother. Thanks sweet sonne; -- Sonne *Folliswit*, come hither,
if I might counsell thee, weeleeene take her while the good
moods vpon her, send for a Priest, and clapt vp within this
hower.

Folly. By my troth agreed mother.

Mo. Nor do's her wealth consist all in her flesh,
Tho beauty be enough wealth for a woman,
She brings a Dowry of three hundred pound with her.

Folly. Sfoote that will serue till my Grandfire dyes I warrant
you, heele drop away at fall a'th lease, if euer he reach to all
Hollantide ile be hangd.

Mother. O yes sonne, hees a lusty old gentleman.

Folly. Ah pox, hee's giuen to weomen; he keeps a queane at
this present.

Mo. Fic.

Folly. Do not tell my wife ont.

Mother.

my Masters,

Mother. That were needlesse yfaith.

Folly. He makes a great feast vpon the leauenth of this month, tuesday next, and you shall see Players there, --- I haue one trickemore to put vpon him; my wife and your selfe shall goe thither before as my guests, and proue his entertainment, Ile meete you there at night, the iest will be here, that feast which he makes wil, vnknown to him, serue fitly for our wedding dinner, we shall be royally furnisht, and get some charges by're.

Mo. An excellent course (yfaith) and a thrifty, why sonne, me thinks you begin to thriue before y'are maried.

Folly. We shall thriue one day wench, and clep ynough? Between our hopes theres but a Grandfires puffe. *Exit.*

Mo. So girle, here was a bird well caught.

Cnr. If euer, here: but what fo'rs Grandfire, twill scarce please him well.

Mo. Who couets fruit, nere cares from whence it fell,
Thou'lt wedded youth and strength, and wealth will fall:
Last thourt made honest.

Cnr. And thats worth'em all. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Actus Quintus: Vlli.

Enter busilie Sir Bounteous Progresse for the feast.

Sir Boun. **H**auē a care blew-coates; bestir your selfe Master *Gumwater*, cast an eie intoth kitchin, ore-looke the knaues a little, euery lack has his friend to day, this cousen and that cousen puts in for a dish of meate, a man knowes not till he make a feast how many varlets he feedes, acquaintances swarme in euery corner, like flyes at Bartholmewtide that come vp with drouers, ffoot I thinke they smell my kitchin seauen mile about. master *Shortrod* and his sweete bedfellow, yare very copiously welcome.

Harebrain. Sir, heres an especiall deere friend of ours, we were bold to make his way to your table.

Sir Boun. Thankes for that boldnesse euer, good Master *Short.*

A mad World,

Shortrod, is this your friend fir?

Hareb. Both my wifes friend and mine fir.

Sir Boun. Why then compendiously fir, -- yare welcome.

Maft. Pa. In Octauo I thanke you fir.

Sir Boun. Excellently retorted yfaith, hees welcome for's wit; I haue my sorts of falures, and know how to place em Courtly; walke in sweet gentlemen, walke in, theres a good fire it'h Hall, you shall haue my sweet company instantly.

Harebraine. I good fir *Bounteous* *Enter Semus.*

Sir Boun. You shall indeede gentlemen; how now, what newes brings thee in stumbling now?

Semus. There are certaine Players come to towne fir, and desire to enterlude before your worship.

Sir Boun. Players? by the masse they are welcome, the'yle grace my entertainment well, but for certain players there thou l'yst boy; they were neuer more vncertaine in their liues, now vp & now downe, they know not when to play, where to play, nor what to play, not when to play for fearful fooles, where to play for Puritane fooles, nor what to play for criticall fooles -- goe call em in, -- how fitly the whorsons come vpo'th feast, troth I was een wishing for em, -- oh welcome, welcome my friends.

Folly. The month of May delights not in her flowers,
More then we ioy in that sweete sight of yours.

Sir Boun. Well acted a my credit, I perceiue hees your best Actor.

Semus. He has greatest share fir, and may liue of himselfe fir.

Sir Boun. What what? put on your hat fir, pray put on; go too, welth must be respected, let those that haue least fethers stand bare; and whose men are you I pray? nay keep on your hat still.

Folly. We serue my Lord *Owemuch* fir.

S. Boun. My L. *Owemuch*, by my troth the welcomst men aliue giue me all your hands at once, that honorable gentleman? hee lay at my house in a robbery once, and tooke all quietly, went away cheerfully. I made a very good feast for him; I neuer saw a man of honor beare things brauelier away, serue my L. *Owemuch*? welcome yfaith: some Bastard for my Lords Players, -- where be you boyes?

Folly.

my masters.

Folly. They come along with the Waggon sir.

Sir Boun. Good, good, and which is your Politician amongst you? now yfaith he that workes out Restraints, makes best legs at Court, and has a suit made of purpose, for the companies busines, which is he, come, be not afraid of him.

Folly. I am he sir.

Sir Boun. Art thou he? giue me thy hand, harke in thine eare, thou rowlest too fast to gather so much mosse as thy fellow there, champ vpon that, ah, and what play shall we haue my masters?

Folly. A pleasant witty Comedy sir.

Sir Boun. I, I, I, a Comedy in any case, that I and my guests may laugh a little, whats the name ont?

Folly. Tis cald the Slip.

Sir Boun. The Slip? By my troth a pretty name, and a glib one: go all and slip intoot, as fast as you can, couer a table for the players. First take heed of a Lurcher, hee cuts deep, hee will eate vp all from you. Some Shirry for my Lords players there. Sirra, why this will be a True feast, a right Miter supper, a play and all, more lights --- I cald for light, heere come in two are light inough for a whole house yfaith. Dare the theefe looke me i'th face? O impudent times! go too, dissemble it.

Enter Mother and Curtezan.

Moth. Blesse you sir Bounteous.

Sir Boun. O welcome, welcome, Theefe, Queane, and Bawd, welcome all three.

Moth. Nay heeres butt two on's sir.

Sir Boun. A my troth, I tooke her for a couple, I'de haue fworne there had beene two faces there.

Moth. Not all vnder one hood sir.

Sir Boun. Yes faith would I, to see mine eies beare double.

Moth. Ile make it hold sir, my daughter is a couple, She was married yester day.

Sir Boun. Euz.

Moth. Nay to no buzzard neither, a right Hauke When ere you know him.

Sir Boun. Away, he cannot be but a Rascal, walke in walke in, bould guests, that come vnient for - - post, I perceine how

H

my

A mad World,

my Jewels went now, to grace her marriage.

Curt. Would you with me sir?

Sir Boun. Ey, how hapt it wench, you put the slip vpon me,
Not three nights since? I name it gently to you,
I terme it neither Pilfer, Che t, nor Sharke.

Curt. Year past my reach.

Sir Boun. I'me old and past your reach, very good; but you
will not deny this I trust.

Curt. With a safe conscience, sir.

Sir Boun. Yee? giue me thy hand, fare thee wel, I haue done
with her.

Curt. Giue me your hand, sir, you nere yet begun with
me. *Exit.*

Sir Boun. Whew, whew? O audacious age.
She denies me and all, when on her fingers,
I spide the Ruby sit, that do's betray her,
And blushes for her fact, well theres a time for't,
For al's too little now for entertainment.
Feast, mirth, I harmony, and the play to boote.
A Iouiall Season. How now, are you ready? *Enter Folly-wit.*

Folly. Even vpon readinesse sir.

Sir Boun. Keepe you your hat on. *Takes it off.*

Folly. I haue a suit to your worship.

Sir Boun. Oh cry you mercy, then you must stand bare.

Folly. We could do all to the life of action sir, both for the
credit of your worships house, and the grace of our Comedy.

Sir Boun. Cuds me, what else sir?

Folly. And for some defects (as the custome is) we would be
bold to require your worships assistance.

Sir Boun. Why with all my heart, what ist you want speake.

Folly. Owe's a chaine for a Iustices hat sir.

Sir Boun. VVhy here, here, here, here whoreson, wil this serue
your turne?

Sir Bu. VVhat else lacke you?

Folly. VVe should vse a ring with a stone int.

Sir Boun. Nay whoope, I haue giuen too many rings already,
talke no more of rings I pray you, here, here, here, make this
jewel

my Masters.

Jewell serue for once.

Folly. Oh this will serue fir.

Sir Boun. What haue you all now?

Folly. All now fir --- one y time is brought i'th middle of the play, and I would desire your worthips watch time.

Sir Boun. My watch, with all my heart, onely giue time a charge that he be not fidling with it.

Folly. You shall nere see that fir.

Sir Boun. Well now you are furnisht fir, make haste away.

Folly. Ee'n as fast as I can fir, --- He let my fellows going first, they must haue time and leasure, or they'r dull else.

He t'tay and speake a prologue, yet o' retake e'm, I cannot haue conscience yfaith to go away and speake nere a word to e'm, my Grädsire has giuen me three shares here, sure He do somewhat for e'm.

Exit.

Enter Sir Bounteous and all the Guests.

Sir Boun. More lights, more stooles, sit sit, the play begins.

Short. Haue you players here *Sir Bounteous*?

Sir Boun. We haue e'm for you fir, fine nimble Comedians, proper actors most of them.

Ma'st. Pa. Whose men I pray you fir?

Sir Boun. Oh. there's their credit fir, they serue an honorable popular Gentleman, eclipsed my Lord Ow-much.

Short. My Lord Ow-much, he was in Ireland lately.

Sir Boun. O you nere knew any of the name but were great trauellers,

Short. How is the Comedy cald, *Sir Bounteous*?

Sir Boun. Mary fir, the Slip.

Short. The Slip?

Sir Boun. I, and here the prologue begins to slip in vpon's.

Short. Tis so indeed *Sir Boun.*

Enter for a Prologue Folly-wit.

Prologue.

Folly We sing of wandring Knights, what them betyde,
Who nor in one place, nor one shape abide,

H 2

Theyre

A mad World

They're heré now, & anon no scouts can reach em
Being euery man well horst like a bold Beacham.
The Play which we present, no fault shall meete
But one, youle say tis short, wee le say tis sweete:
Tis giuen much to dumb shoues, which some prayse,
And like the Terme, delights much in delayes.
So to conclude, and giue the name her due,
The play being calld the Slip, I vanish too. *Exit.*

Sir Bonn. Excellently well acted and a nimble conceyt.

Short. The Prologues pretty yfaith.

Mast. Pa. And went off well.

Sir Bonn. I thats the grace of all, when they go away well, ah-

Cur. A my troth and I were not married, I could finde in my heart to fall in loue with that Player now, and send for him to a supper; I know some i'th towne that haue done as much, and there tooke such a good conceyt of their parts into'th two-penny roome, that the Actors haue bin found ith morning in a lesse compasse then their Stage, tho twere nere so full of gentlemen.

Sir Bonn. But, passion of me, where be these knaues, wil they not come away, me thinkes they stay very long.

Mast. Pa. Oh you must beare a little fir, they haue many shifts to run into.

Sir Bonn. Shifts call you em, they're horrible long things.

Folly. A pox of such fortune the plots betrayd:

Folly-wit returnes in a furie.

All will come out, yonder they come taken vpon suspition, and brought back by a Constable, I was accurst to hold society with such Cockscombs, whats to be done? I shall be shande for euer, my wife here and al, ah pox--by light happily thought vpon, the chayne Inuention sticke to me this once, and faile me euer hereafter: so, so,---

Sir Bonn. Life I say, where be these Players, oh are you come, troth its time, I was een sending for you.

Short. How moodily he walkes, what playes he tro?

Sir Bon. A, Iustice vpon my credit, I know by the chayn there.

Folly. Vnfortunate Iustice.

Sir

my masters.

Sir Boun. Ah--a--a---

Folly. In thy kin vnfortunate,
Here comes thy Nephew now vpon suspicion, (him,
Brought by a Constable before thee, his vilde associates with
But so disguizde, none knowes him but my selfe,
Twice haue I set him free from officers fangs,
And for his sake, his fellowes: let him looke too't:
My conscience will permit but one winke more.

Sir Boun. Yee shall we take Iustice winking.

Folly. For this time I haue bethought a meanes to worke thy
freedome, tho hazarding my selfe; should the Law ceaze him,
Being kin to me, twould blemish much my name, No;
I'de rather leane to danger, then to shame.

Enter Constable with them.

Sir Boun: A very expleate Iustice.

Con. Thank you good neighbors, let me alone with em now.

Left. Sfoote whose yonder?

Anc. Dare he sit there?

2. *Folly* wit.

3. *Captaine*--puh--

Folly. How now Constable what newes with thee?

Const. May it please your worship sir,--here are a company of
auspicious fellowes.

Sir Boun. To me? puh--turne to'th Iustice you whorson hob-
byhorse, this is some new player now, they put all their fooles
to the Constables part still.

Folly. Whats the matter Constable, whats the matter?

Const. I haue nothing to say to your worship--they were all
riding a horseback ant please your worship.

Sir Boun. Yet agen; a pox of all Asses still, they could not ride
a foot vnlesse twere in a bawdy house.

Cox. The Ostler told me they were all vnstable fellowes sir.

Folly. VVhy sure the fellow's drunke.

Left. VVe spide that weakenesse in him long agoe sir, your
worship must beare with him, the mans much oreseene, onely
in respect of his office wee obeyd him, both to appeare con-
formable to law, and cleare of all offence: for I protest sir,
he

A mad World,

he found vs but a horse backe:

Folly. What he did?

Lift. As I haue a soule, thats all, and all he can lay to vs.

Const. Yfaith, you were not all riding away then.

Lift. S'foot, being a horsebacke fir, that must needs follow.

Folly. VVhy true fir.

Sir Boun. Well sayd Iustice, he helps his kinsman well.

Follie. VVhy Sirra, do you vse to bring Gentlemen before vs for riding away, what will you haue em stand still when they're vp, like Smug vpo'th white horse yonder? are your wits steept? Ile make you an example for all dizzy Constables, how they abuse iustice, here bind him tot his chayre.

Con. Ha, bind him hoe?

Folly. If you want cords, vse garters.

Con. Help, help, Gentlemen.

Lift. As fast as we can fir.

Con. Theeues, theeues.

Folly. A gag will help all this, keepe lesse noise you knaue.

Con. Oh helpe, rescue the Constable --- oh, O.

Sir Boun. Ho, ho, ho, ho.

Folly. VVhy la you who lets you now?

You may ride quietly, Ile see you to,

Take horse my selfe. I haue nothing else to doe.

Exit.

Constable. Oh, --oh--oh--

Sir Boun. Ha, ha ha, by my troth the maddest piece of Iustice gentlemen, that euer was committed.

Scott R. Ile be sworne for the madnesse on't fir.

Sir Boun. I am deceiu'de, if this proue not a merry Comedy and a witty.

Must. Pa. Alasse poore Constable, his mouth's open, and nere a wise word.

Sir Boun. Faith he speakes now een as many as he has done, he seemes wisest when he gapes and sayes nothing, ha ha; -- he turnes and tells his tale to me like an asse, what haue I to do with their riding away, they may ride for me, thou whorson Cockscombe thou may thou art well ynough seru'de yfaith.

Must. Pa. But what followes all this while fir; me thinkes some should passe by before this time, & pittie the Constable.

Sir

my Masters.

Sir Bonn. Byth masse and you say true sir, -- goe firrah, step in, I thinke they haue forgot themselves, call the knaues away they'r in a wood I beleue. --

Const. I, I, I.

Sir Bonn. Harke, the Constable sayes I, they're in a wood, -- ha, ha --

Nob. He thinkes long of the time sir *Bounteous*.

Sir Bonn. How now? when come they?

Sir. Alasse an't please your worship, ther's not one of them to be found sir.

Sir Bonn. How?

Short. R. What saies the fellow?

Sir. Neither horte nor man sir.

Sir Bonn. Body of me thou liest.

Serv. Not a haire of either sir.

Short. R. How now sir *Bounteous*.

Sir Bonn. Cheated and defeated, vngag that rascall, Ile hang him for's fellows, Ile make him bring em out.

Const. Did not I tell your worship this before, brought em before you for suspected persons, layd em at townes end vpon warning giuen, made signes that my very iaw bone akes, your worship would not heare me, cald me Asle, sauing your worships presence laught at me.

Sir Bonn. Ha?

Short. I begin to taste it.

Sir Bo. Giue me leaue, giue me leaue, why art not thou the Constable i'th Comedy?

Const. I'th comedy? why I am the constable i'th common wealth sir.

Sir Bo. I am guld yfaith, I am guld, when wast thou chose?

Const. On thursday last sir.

Sir Bo. A pox go wit'ht, ther't goes.

M. Peni. I seldome heard Iest match it.

Short. Nor I yfaith.

Sir Bo. Gentlemen shal I intreat a curtesy?

Short. What ist sir?

Sir Bo. Do not laugh at me seauen yeare hence.

Maſt Pen.

Amad World

M. Peni. Wee should betray and laugh at our owne folly then, for of my troth none heere but was deceiud int.

Sir Bo. Faith thats some comfort yet, ha, ha, it was feately carried, troth I commend their wits, before our faces, make vs asses while we sit still, and onely laugh at our selues.

M. Peni. Faith they were some counterfeit rogues sir.

Sir Bo. Why they confesse so much them selues, they saide theyd play the slip, they shold be men of their words, I hope the Iustice will haue more conscience yfaith, then to cary away a chaine of a hundred marke of that fashion.

Short. What sir?

Sir Bo. I by my troth sir, besides a iewell, and a iewels fellowe, a good faire watch that hung about my neck sir.

Short. Sfoote what did you meane sir?

Sir Bo. Me thinkes my Lord Owemuches players should not scorne me so yfaith they will come and bring all agen I know, push they will yfaith, but a ieast certainly.

Enter Follywit in his owne shape, and all the rest.

Folly. Pray Grandfire giue me your blessing?

Sir Bo. Who? Sonne *Follywit*?

Folly. This shoves like kneeling after the play, I praying for my Lord Owemuch and his good Countesse, our honorable Lady and mistresse.

Sir Bo. Rise richer by a blessing, thou art welcome.

Folly. Thankes good grandfire, I was bold to bring those gentlemen my friends.

Sir Bo. Theyre all welcome, salute you that side, & ile welcome this side. Sir to begin with you.

Short. Master *Follywit*.

Folly. I am glad tis our fortune so happily to meete sir.

Sir Bo. Nay then you know me not sir.

Folly. Sweete Mistris *Harebraine*.

Sir Bo. You cannot be too bold sir.

Folly. Our mariage knowne?

Certe. Not a word yet.

Folly. The better.

Sir Bo. Faith sonne would you had come sooner with these gentlemen

my masters.

gentlemen.

Folly. Why Grandfire?

S. Bo. We had a play here.

Folly. A play fir, no.

Sir Bo. Yes faith, a pox a'th Author.

Folly. Bles vs all, why were they such vild ones fir?

Sir Bo. I am sure villanous ones fir.

Folly. Some rawe-simple fooles.

Sir Bo. Nay bith masse these were enough for theeuish knaues.

Folly. What fir?

Sir Bo. Which way came you gentlemen, you could not choose but meete em.

Folly. We met a company with hampers after em.

Sir. Bo. Oh those were they, those were they, a pox hamper em.

Folly. Blesse vs all agen.

Sir Bo. They haue hamperd me finely firrah.

Folly. Howe fir.

Sir Bo. How fir, I lent the rascals properties to furnish out their play, a chaine, a iewell, and a watch, & they watcht their time, and rid quite away with em.

Folly. Are they such creatures.

Sir Boun. Hearke, hearke gentlemen, by this light the watch rings alarum in his pocket, thers my watch come agen, or the very Cosen German toot, whose ist, whose ist? by'th masse tis he, hast thou one sonne? prethee bestow it vpon thy Grandfire, I now looke for mine ageny faith, nay come with a good wil or not at all, Ile giue thee a better thing, a peece, a peece gentlemen.

Short. Great or small,

Sir Boun. At once I haue drawne chaine, iewell, watch & all.

Maft. Penit. By my faith you haue a fortunate hand fir.

Short. Nay all to come at once.

Lst. A vengeance of this foolery.

Folly. Haue I leapt the Constable to be brought in by the watch?

A mad World

Cow. O destiny, haue I married a Theefe mother?

Mar. Comfort thy selfe, thou art before hand with him daughter.

Sir Boun. Why son, why gentlemen, how long haue you bin my Lord *Ow-much* his seruants yfaith?

Folly. Faith Grandfire, shall I be true to you?

Sir Boun. I thinke tis time, thoust beene a theefe alr eady.

Folly. I knowing the day of your feast, & the natural inclination you haue to pleasure and pastime, presume vpon your patience for a iest as well to prolong your daies as--

Sir Boun. Whoop, why then you tooke my chaine along with you to prolong my daies did you?

Folly. Not so neither sir & that you may be seriously assured of my herafter stablenesse of life, I haue took another course.

Ser Boun. What?

Folly. Tooke a wife.

Sir Boun. A wife? ffoot, what is she for a foole would marry thee a madman? when was the wedding kept in Bedlam?

Folly. Shees both a gentlewoman and a virgin.

Sir Boun. Stop there, stop there, would I might see her?

Folly. You haue your wish, shees here.

Sir Boun. Ah, ha, ha, ha, this makes amends for all.

Folly. How now?

Lifi. Captain do you heare? is she your wife in earnest?

Follie. How then?

Lifi. Nothing but pittty you sir.

Sir Boun. Speake sonne ist true?

Can you gull vs, and let a queane gull you.

Follie. Ha.

Cowr. What I haue bin is past, be that forgiuen,
And haue a soule true both to thee and heauen.

Follie. Ist come about, tricks are repaid I see.

Sir Bo. The best is firrah, you pledge none but me
And since I drinke the top, take her and harke,
I spice the bottome with a thousand marke.

Follie. By my troth, she is as good a cup of Nectar, as a
my Batchelor needs to sip at.

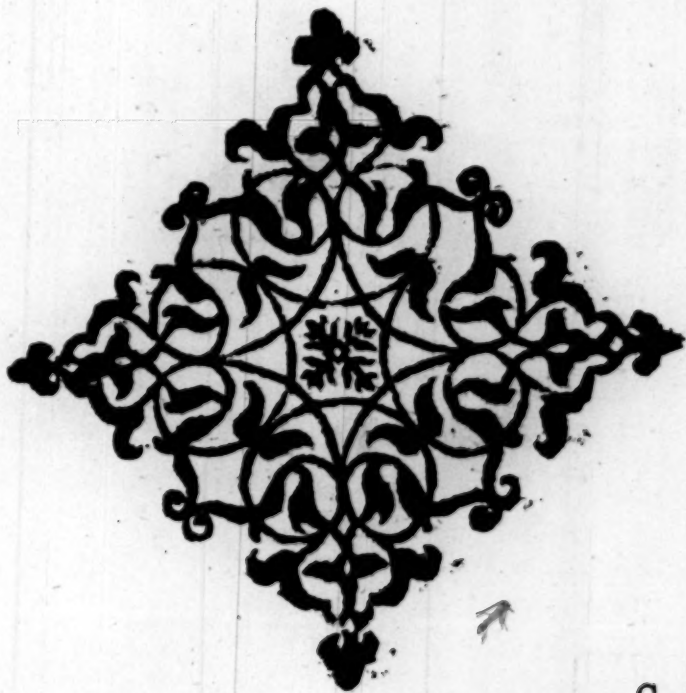
Tue.

my masters.

Tut giue me gold, it makes amends for vice,
Maydes without coine, are caudles without spice.

Sir Bonn. Come gentlemen toth feast, let not time waste,
We haue pleasd our care, now let vs please our taste
Who liues by cunning marke it, his fates cast,
When he has guld all, then is himselfe the last.

FINIS.



C 17888
62587

REPRODUCED FROM THE COPY IN THE
HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY

FOR REFERENCE ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION